

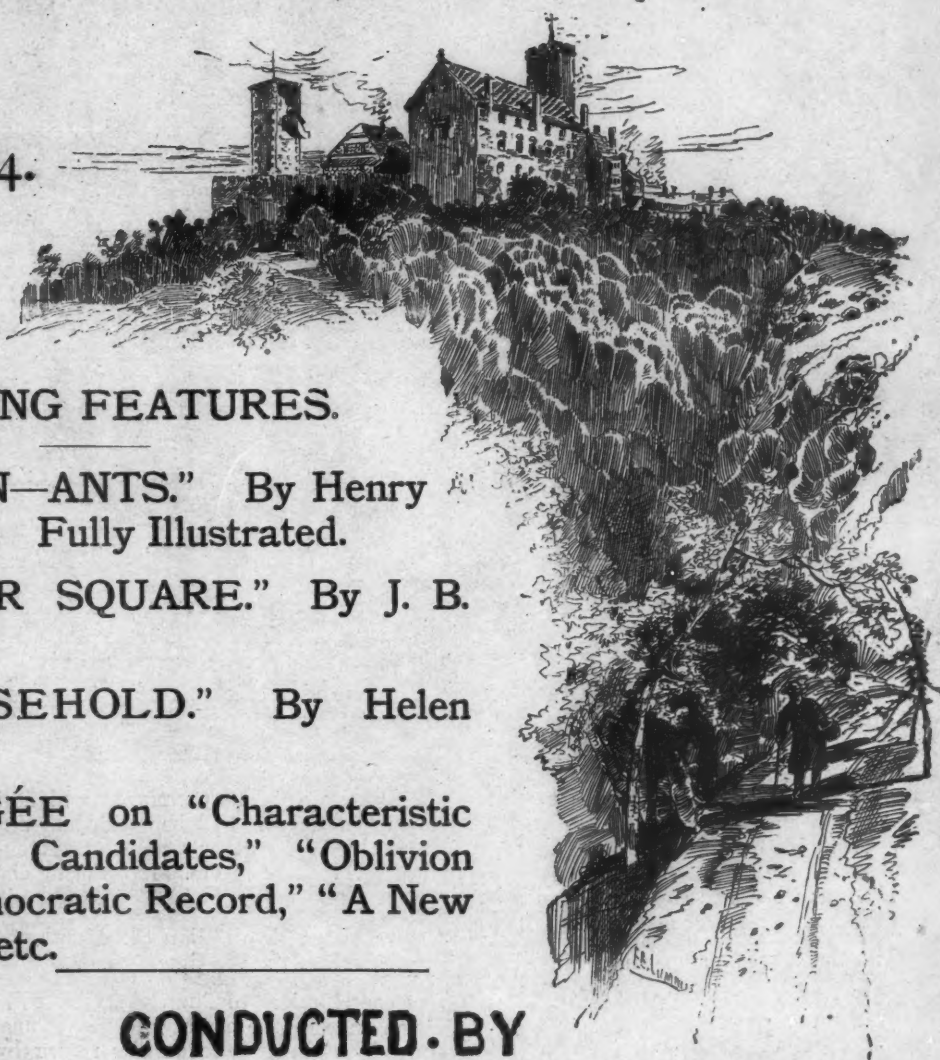
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TEN CENTS A COPY.

No 130

# THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

Aug. 6, 1884.



## LEADING FEATURES.

SERMONS IN—ANTS." By Henry C. McCook. Fully Illustrated.

LEICESTER SQUARE." By J. B. Prichard.

THE HOUSEHOLD." By Helen Campbell.

A. W. TOURGÉE on "Characteristic Democratic Candidates," "Oblivion for the Democratic Record," "A New Theology." etc.

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THE BLUE CHURCH.

## TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.

### CHAPTER XVII. "SERMONS IN—ANTS."

ON Sunday morning we worshiped in the "Blue Church." Doctor Goodman preached to a little company of the country-folk a sermon whose character was well described by a plain old Scotchman whom I overheard as the congregation was retiring: "Ah, that was one o' the comfortin' an' heepfu' sort!"

I had observed, during one of my summers at Marple, that the Doctor delivered his sermons, which he read quite closely but with remarkable earnestness and force, from manuscripts of a uniform number of pages, bound up like a school copy-book.

"Why do I do this?" he said, laughingly, in answer to my question. "Well, the truth is, I find myself compelled to put a bridle upon my lips. As I grew older, I noticed that I was inclined to prolong my sermons to a wearisome length. I therefore took to reading; and in order to keep within due bounds I made trial of the exact number of pages required to occupy the half hour. I then had a lot of these "copy-books" made, each containing that trial number of pages. Now when I have filled my book I stop work, and go into my pulpit quite assured that I will not trespass upon my people's patience. Isn't that a pretty good device to keep a garrulous old parson within bounds?"

The hearty laugh with which the Doctor put the question showed how much he enjoyed the trick by which he had flanked the infirmities of gathering years, and held the interest of his auditors. A wise winner of souls was he!

But on this occasion the "copy-book" was left at home, and in simple words, delivered with quiet earnestness and a tenderness that touched all and melted many hearts, he held up to the people the great love of

the All-Father. The text was, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." When it was announced the Calvinists in the congregation nudged each other, and with significant nods of the head and brightened eyes intimated that they expected a sermon upon "Electing Love," and heartily approved it. The Arminians, on the other hand, for the congregation was a mixed one, bristled up, set their faces with a pugnacious cast, and looked at the preacher with the fixed, hard gaze of those who mean to hold fast their own opinions against all comers.

As the sermon advanced these countenances changed; lines of elation and approval, of combativeness and dissent alike faded out, and the faces upturned toward the pulpit wore a common look (varying with the points of the discourse) of interest, assent, hope, religious joy.

One might, perhaps, have found the Doctor's theological bent by slight logical soundings; but it did not so lie upon the surface as to mar the satisfaction of any auditor. The Eternity and Infinity of Divine Love—that was his theme. Man pre-existent in the loving thought of God throughout the everlasting past; man surrounded by the loving care of God in the present; man throughout the everlasting future, immortal in the rest of God; man's Redeemer, the highest commendation of the divine love—these are great thoughts, but simply presented, with quaint and apt illustration; they were not beyond the conception of the humblest mill-hand in the meeting.

The morning sermon was a happy preparation for the afternoon service, which, as the Doctor announced, was especially for the young people, although adults were also invited. He well knew that grown-up folk enjoy



FIG. 2.—THE GRASSHOPPER'S DIRGE AMONG THE GRAVES.

and profit by such services, quite as much as their juniors. They drink in greedily addresses made to the young which they would have resented highly if made to themselves. What a curious compound human nature is!

At three o'clock of the afternoon the approaches to the church were lively with little troops of children, whose bright dresses showed against the green meadows as they came across lots. Farmers came in their buggies, germantowns and farm-wagons, until the cozy horse-sheds in the rear of the edifice were full, and horses had to be unhooked and hitched to the wheels of vehicles halted here and there over the yard.

Many of these comers were casual attendants, having various places of worship scattered throughout the country-side, but had gathered to the "Doctor's appointment," as is the goodly fashion of our rural parts, without respect of religious preference. Even the Friends, who had held their morning worship in the old Springfield Meeting-house, sent a fair delegation, although some were still of too tender conscience to wait upon the preaching of a "hireling minister." Among these was Aunt Hannah; but it cost the good woman a sore struggle to stay at home, be it said to her credit. Penn Townes, however, was not prevented by such scruples from stopping his smart open buggy at the old farm-gate and driving Abby Bradford to the meeting.

The regular attendants at the Blue Church were the teachers and the children of the Sunday-school. The latter were gathered chiefly from the families of the operatives in a woolen-mill that stood in an adjacent valley, and a fine paper-mill that occupies a romantic site on the banks of Crum Creek. A few kind and Christian hearts had been moved with pity over these scattered sheep of the Good Shepherd, and had organized for them a Sabbath-school, which has been maintained, often under sore difficulties, for a number of years. A part of the good Doctor's missionary work was to look after this school, which, however, was strictly a "Union" school, without any denominational bias or connection whatever.

The building in which this assemblage was held is worthy of brief notice. It was erected by one of the numerous descendants of Jane Townes, and set apart for-

ever to the worship of the Almighty without cost or let to any of whatever denomination, with one important exception. Just in front of the pulpit hangs a framed card on which the patron's wish is printed, with this proviso: that no one who denies the proper divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ or the doctrine of the Atonement shall ever be permitted to preach in the place. The house was built at the time when the conflict was at its height that divided the Society of Friends into the so-called "Orthodox" and "Hicksite" camps. The feelings awakened by that controversy are crystalized in this proviso, and the "Townes Free Church" is free only to orthodox preachers. However, as there are very few persons of a different religious bent in the whole country-side, the prohibition has not proved of much practical disadvantage.

The house is built of a blue limestone which, in spite of the ill-fitting coat of whitewash that now covers it, shows plainly enough the reason for its popular name, "The Blue Church." It is a plain rectangular edifice, with a pitched roof, without spire or belfry. There is a door at either gable, over one of which is placed a rude water-shed. A plain porch covers the front door, which is shaded by a horse-chestnut, upon whose lower branches hangs a hornet's nest. On either side of the door is a marble tombstone. In the north tomb repose the ashes of the venerable builder of the church. A plain slab rests upon low marble walls, and bears the name, age, and following inscription: "Where he was born, there he lived and died. An honest man and a useful citizen." There is added the familiar passage from Job: "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

A fine large willow tree stands in front, and overhangs this grave. The tomb on the opposite side is a

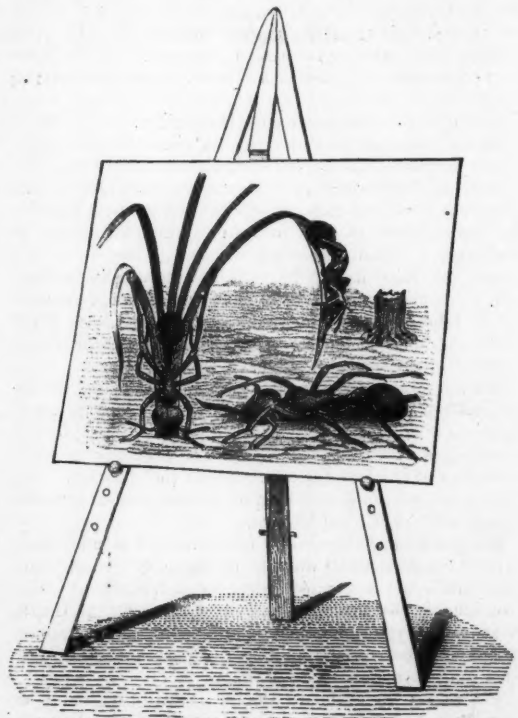


FIG. 3.—AGRICULTURAL ANTS ENGAGED IN CUTTING GRASS.

slab raised upon six marble pillars, and bears the name of a favorite cousin of the patron. Those tombs serve as seats for the rustic congregation while waiting for the commencement of service, and tramps who camp of summer nights in the horse-sheds play cards upon them in the moonlight.

The entrance to the church is from the Baltimore Pike by a large wooden gate hung in the stone wall that encloses two sides of the lot. One corner of the churchyard is devoted to burial purposes. Here stands another large weeping-willow, and tall bushes of osage-orange and sumach overshadow the wall. Short mounds of buried children fill the space, though larger graves show where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." In the rank grass and among the vines that here creep over the ground and swathe the graves dwell undisturbed hosts of insects, especially crickets and grasshoppers. (Fig. 2.) Among these the great green grasshopper abounds one of the noisiest of our musical insects, and day and night alike his shrilling is heard among the graves, making this rural "God's-acre" a very garden of insect song.

The plain stone building is a pretty object, standing in its two-acre field, embowered among trees. Just across the meadow is a farm, once a country seat of an eminent president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Adjoining that, the cupola of "Shady-bank," a fine country home, rises above the tops of a noble grove of trees.

Inside, the building is exceedingly plain. It is fashioned after the manner of a Quaker meeting-house, having a "gallery," or long rows of elevated seats along the middle, opposite the door. A pulpit is arranged at the central part of the gallery, beneath which is a chancel-like space, where stand a reed organ and a superintendent's desk. Comfortable sofa-benches, with reversible backs, are ranged in front and on either side of the pulpit. In front of the chancel stands a large cannon stove, whose long pipe penetrates the ceiling. The walls are unadorned, and the whole interior is plain enough to suit the severest taste.

It was well ornamented, however, on that day, for as we entered bright faces were turned toward us from every seat and aisle; even the door spaces were crowded, and anxious eyes peered in from groups that stood in the churchyard outside. In the "gallery," at one side, stood a tall easel, on which was placed a package of large white card-board.

This addition to the usual furniture of the place had excited much curiosity among the audience—young and old. Indeed, the curiosity had begun earlier in the day, among the family at the Old Farm; for, as Hugh lifted the mysterious parcels into the farm-wagon, among the chairs on which his family were seated, there were many wonderings over them.

"W'at on yarth is de Doctor gwain to do wid dem tings?" asked Dan, who was perched on the driver's seat, and faced quite about to watch Hugh's proceed-

ings. "Whew! dat now," as the heavy packet of card-board was lifted in, "pears 's dough it mought be Moses' Table ob de Law. But as fer dat," looking at the easel, "I can't make nuffin out on 't. Dat 's w'at de Misstis had her picter ob de Wirgin Mary and de

baby Jesus on—her 'Donna, she calls hit. But Massa sakes! de ole Doctor 's down on 'Donnas an images an all sech wanities in de house ob de Lord! He

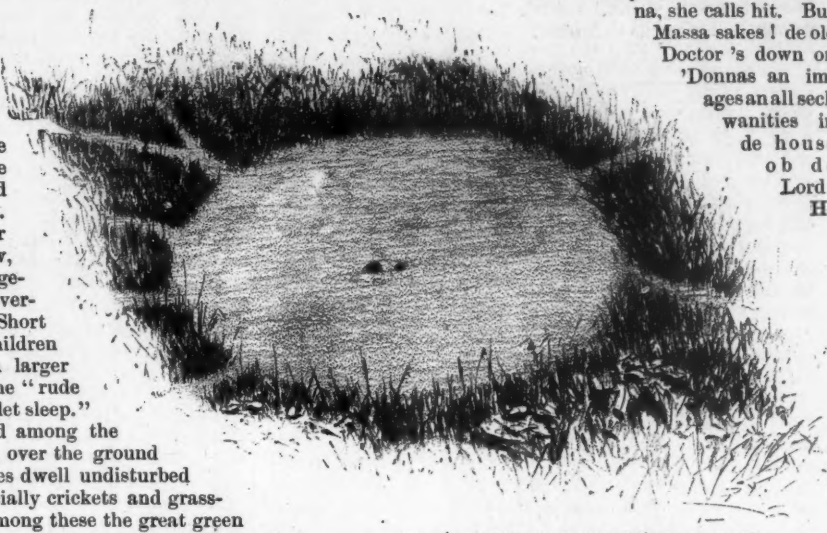


FIG. 4.—FRONT YARD AND ROADS OF ANTS.

haint gwain to fall down befo' no sech golden calf, is he?"

Abby, too, was on the *qui vive*; but if the Mistress guessed the Doctor's purpose, she kept her own counsel, and put off the inquisitive Schoolma'am with the remark that neither the Doctor nor her husband had taken her into confidence.

The dominie's little secret was soon disclosed. When several songs had been sung by the children, he rose to make his address. After a few sentences of kindly commendation, he said:

"And now, my dear young friends, I have prepared for you an especial treat. You have often heard my voice telling you of the goodness and wisdom of our God. I shall let another speak for me to-day—a dear friend, whom, I am sure, you will be glad to hear."

In the brief pause that followed many eyes roved up and down the front benches in quest of some known minister or public speaker who might undertake such a duty. It was very plain upon the faces before me that the matter was yet wholly in doubt.

"Who could it be?" whispered a farmer's wife at my side, as she plucked a clove-seed from a small store stowed in the finger of a glove, and bit off the end.

No one ventured an opinion, and the Doctor continued: "One of the greatest of English poets has said that we may find

"—books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

"I believe that thoroughly. The Bible is a book of Nature. The inspired writers, through whom the Holy Spirit spoke, were in full sympathy with the world of created things around them. Birds, beasts, flowers, trees, mountains, brooks, stars, moon and sun, clouds, rain and snow, waving crops of gathered grain, all were seen by them with interest and pleasure, and made to speak for them some truth or lesson of daily life.



Well, if all these things have in them a sacred thought for us, shouldn't we try to find out what that thought is? I have often taught you out of this Revelation of Inspiration"—and he laid his hand upon the Bible: "I have asked another to teach you this afternoon out of the Revelation of Creation. If it be true that we may find 'sermons in stones,' I think it is equally sure that we may find sermons in insects. I have therefore great

"Bress de Lor"! Mars Mayfiel"! Well, dat takes de cakes!"

"I am sure you are all surprised," I began, "to hear my name spoken as one who shall address you to-day. You cannot be more surprised than I was when our good friend the Doctor first asked me to occupy this place. I have never before addressed a religious meeting of any kind. Perhaps I speak this to my shame ;



FIG. 5.—ANT CLEARING IN WEED FOREST.

pleasure in introducing to you my very dear friend, Mr. Fielding Mayfield."

There! the Doctor's secret was out. Yes, I had at last consented, after much hesitation, to talk to the young people about some of the Bible insects. All other difficulties being removed, the Doctor had overcome my scruples as a layman against seeming to conduct a religious service by declaring that he was to be and would be the officiating clergyman, and that I surely might, at his appointment and request, address the children. It was my own suggestion that the matter be kept secret, for I wished thus to avoid the attendance of such curious people as might have been attracted simply by the unusual nature of the address.

The announcement was followed by a buzz of whispered wonder and expectation. As I sat opposite some of the members of the old-farm family, I could note the effect upon them. The Mistress flushed, turned pale, then flushed again, and I caught the light of a tear twinkling in her eye ere she dropped her face upon her fan. Abby started as though struck, looked at me, then at the Mistress on one side, then at Penn Townes on the other, clasped her hands—I thought at first she meant to clap them—drew her lips under her teeth as though to suppress an audible utterance of surprise, and at last a radiant smile broke over her glowing face. Old Dan sat on the corner of a bench before the stove, bowed over on his arms and rocking his body to and fro. As the Doctor spoke my name he sat bolt upright, dropped his broad palms with a loud smack upon his knees, rolled his eyes to their full rotundity, pursed up his thick lips, and blew through them till he fairly whistled. As I rose to go into the gallery I heard him say in a deep sotto voce:

but my duty has never seemed to lie in that direction, and I mention it now simply to say that the whole responsibility of my appearance here on this holy day as an instructor in sacred truths must be placed upon this good man who is to-day our bishop.

"Some of you, perhaps, have heard that many years ago I gave a large part of my time to the study of insects—those little creatures who are popularly known among us as 'bugs.' I am sorry that people do not speak more correctly in this matter. There are indeed some insects who are properly called by that name; but all insects are not bugs, indeed a very small proportion of them belong to that group. These favorite studies of mine have led Dr. Goodman to ask me to speak about the insects of the Bible.

"Among those which the Good Book mentions is the ant. I have known city children who never saw an ant, or at least had no notion at all what that insect looks like—in fact, couldn't tell an ant from a grasshopper. But among these country children before me I am sure that there is not a single one who doesn't know just how an ant looks. However, I will venture to show you a picture of one." (Fig. 3.)

I turned the outer card upon the easel, and amid many half-suppressed "Oh's!" exhibited a colored figure. This, by-the-way, was one of a series of drawings which I had prepared at one time for a course of lectures. They had received a resurrection from the storeroom of my city business place, where they had long been buried amid sundry rubbish, and were forwarded to me by express when the Doctor's request gave occasion for their use.

"These figures show two ants known as the Agricultural Ant of Texas, oftener called by the people of that





FIG. 6.—UNDERGROUND ANT ROAD AT FAIRMOUNT PARK.

State the 'Stinging Ant,' because its sting is as severe as a hornet's. They are cutting down a blade of grass. One has laid his sharp jaws at the very root of the plant, while the other appears to be swaying down the leaf in order to increase the effect of the cut. If this is done on purpose, as it seemed to me when I drew it, the ants are working on the same principle that you do when in early autumn you go out with a hatchet to clear away the rank growth of vines along the roadside and fences.

"The next picture will show you the object which these little workers have in view. (Fig. 4.) They are making a clearing, as I have seen pioneers do in Western States when they entered the great forest and began to hew down the trees. Many years ago all this beautiful country around us was covered with a dense forest, and when our forefathers came they chopped away the trees and made clearings for their houses and fields. Now, our Agricultural Ants like to have a clear space or yard around their doors, and here they are cutting down the "trees," as these grass-stalks must seem to them. You notice that these clearings differ in shape from our yards and fields, for they are circles or ellipses, and are always made as you see them here. It is surprising to note what vigor the little pioneers have in keeping their yards clean. The weeds and grasses grow very rank in the rich soil and warm sun of Texas, and sometimes when pushing my way through them I have come across these circular clearings surrounded on all sides by the weedy jungle, and not a scrap of vegetation of any kind upon them. Here is one of these jungle-nests. (Fig. 5.)

"The door or gate of the nest is in the center of the yard. It is a single, or sometimes a double, opening, which leads down into the ground, where are a series of rooms and galleries that I shall presently describe. Long roads, usually three or four in number, and occasionally as many as seven, lead from the yard into the surrounding grass. They vary in length from forty feet or less to three hundred, and are kept smooth and clean. Indeed, our farmers would do well to take pattern after these wise little fellows in the matter of road-building and repairing, as well as in other things.

You see these roads in the pictures, gradually narrowing as they run out into the grass. These are not the only ants that have the habit of road-building. We have ants in our own State who have great skill in that line of public industry; and here is a pretty under-grade highway, made at Rockland, in Fairmount Park, by a large colony of ants dwelling there. (Fig. 6.) You see how daintily the roads are bordered by avenues of grass, moss, and wild-flowers. Having told you this much, I will now show you what all this has to do with our Sabbath lessons. How many of you have Bibles?"

The answer to this question quite startled me. From every part of the room—to the right and left of me, in front of the desk, and even from the chancel-space, where the children were crowded directly beneath

my face—more than a hundred hands shot up, and as many Bibles of various sizes and styles were held aloft. I suppose my surprise was shown upon my face; the audience were infected by the speaker's attitude, and looked on silently at the strange scene. The children's faces were wreathed with smiles; the superintendent looked up from his seat with a well-pleased countenance, and broke the stillness with the explanation:

"We have a 'show of Bibles' every Sunday, sir. It is one of our ways of teaching the children to own and use their own Bibles."

"Many thanks," I said, "for this beautiful lesson. It is a new sight to me, and came as a great surprise. I never thought to have such an answer to my question. I shall not need to ask this school again how many have Bibles? Now let us see what these Bibles have to say about ants? Turn to the sixth chapter of Proverbs."

There was a rustling of leaves, like the moving of wind through the tree-tops, as the young hands turned over the pages of the Sacred Book. The sound gradually died away, as one after another the children found the place, until all was still.

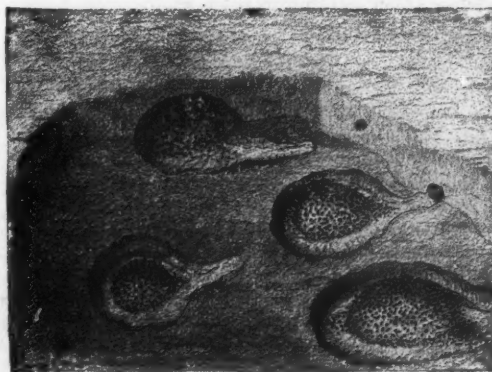


FIG. 7.—GRANARIES SHOWING SEEDS AND STORES.

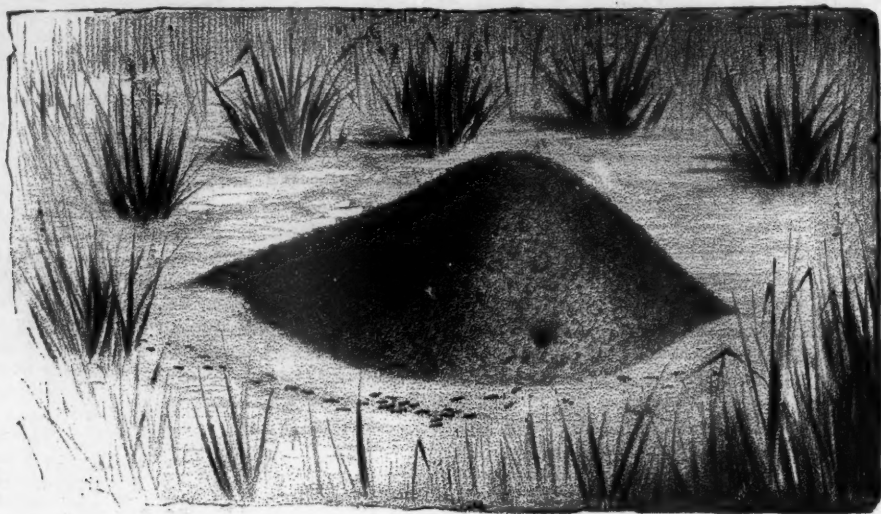


FIG. 8.—MOUND NEST OF OCCIDENT-ANT.

"Now, please, read together the 6th, 7th and 8th verses. The Doctor will lead you."

The old clergyman arose, and the scholars, well used to reading in concert, read with him, as with one voice, the following words:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

"Very good; turn again to the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, and read the 24th and 25th verses."

The sound of fluttering leaves once more filled the house, and then the school read these words:

"There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise. The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in summer."

"You thus see," I resumed, "that the wise man who wrote the Proverbs believed that the ants of Palestine had a habit of storing up seeds of grain during the harvest time. No one appears to have disputed this until about one hundred years ago, when an English naturalist, Mr. Gould, who was also a clergyman, discovered that the ants of his country were not harvesters. Other naturalists came to the same conclusion about the ants of other parts of Europe, and by-

and-by it came to be the prevailing opinion among scientific people that no harvesting-ants existed. They said that Solomon, Virgil, Homer, and all the ancient writers who spoke of such insects, were in error; in fact had mistaken the eggs or cocoons that ants are often seen carrying, for grains of wheat, which they somewhat resemble."

"Well, in the course

of time, a gentleman living in Texas wrote up to our Philadelphia Academy of Sciences that there was a harvesting-ant in that State! The account was not generally believed among naturalists, and I resolved to go down to that country and see for myself. I have already told you something of what I saw, and I will now go on with my story.

"I pitched my camp on the hills of Barton Creek, beyond Austin, the State capital, and sat down to watch beside one of these nests which I have shown you. Presently I saw an ant come up out of the gate, carrying in its jaws something which it dragged across the yard, and dumped upon a heap of similar objects, lying in the grass at one side. I took up some of these, and found them to be the husks of a sort of grass known as ant-rice, or needle-grass. That was proof number one.

"Next, I noticed that the ant-workers were continually running along the roads, across the yard, and disappearing through the gate with some kind of seed, which they bore in their stout mandibles or jaws. I tapped several of these porters on the back, in order to make them drop their burdens, which I then examined, and found to be whole seeds of the ant-rice. That was proof number two—the ants were actually carrying the grain into their nests.

"Once more, I saw that workers were continually leaving the gate and traveling along the roads outward toward the grass. I stooped down upon hands and knees to follow one of these. Off it went at a lively pace, further and further, until the roadway began to narrow into a thin line, when it darted off to one side, into the thick grass. It kept me on close watch to keep the busy insect in sight. It twisted back and forth, around and around among the grass stalks, now and then stopping to put its jaws upon objects lying upon the ground which I soon discovered to be fallen seeds. At last the fastidious creature found one that suited her. She turned this way and that, until it appeared to be balanced to her mind, then wheeled about, and started toward home.

"What a time she had with that seed! All sorts of little obstacles lay in her path—little to us, that is,

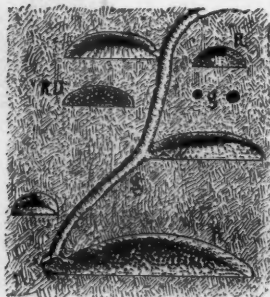


FIG. 9.—INTERIOR PLAN OF STORE-ROOMS AND GALLERIES.

but great to her. There were blades of grass bent down to the ground; there were sticks, stocks and stones lying in the path; there were close-growing tufts of grass like small thickets in the way. These were to be flanked, or climbed over, or pushed through, and right nobly the little carrier did her task. Now she went straight up and forward; now she backed to this side, dragging her burden along; now she sidled around the obstacle; now she plunged into a hole, and after a moment's rallying bravely mounted the wall and went on her way. So she journeyed, winding her laborious path through the grass-forest of her harvest field until she reached the road. Then, conscious that her way was clear, she broke into a smart trot, and made straight headway for her nest, and soon disappeared within the gate. The burden which she bore was a seed of ant-rice, and that was proof number three that this ant, at least, as Solomon said, 'provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.'

"My next work was to explore the inside of the nest, or formicary, as it is called. This was no slight task, for several reasons. The yards are very wide, some of them fifteen feet in diameter, more than half as wide as this house. They are made in a stiff, tough earth which is difficult to dig; moreover, the ants carry a

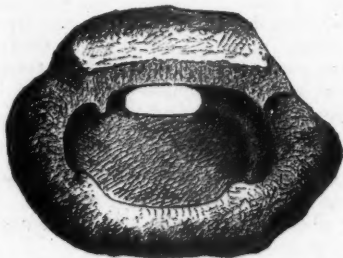


FIG. 10.—OPEN GRANARY OF HARVESTING-ANT.

powerful weapon in the shape of a sting, which they ply with great fierceness when their nests are disturbed; and I could not blame them for that, for there are few creatures on earth who will not defend their own home. I had, therefore, to hire a little army of men to help in the digging and to fight off the angry insects that swarmed forth to attack us. I was severely stung a number of times, but persevered until I had satisfied myself that quantities of seeds were stored within the formicary. Some of these near the top were yet covered with husks, others further down were shelled, so that I could account for the heaps of husks which were placed around the margin of the yard.

"The seeds were stored in small caverns or pockets several inches long and about an inch high. Some were circular, others semi-circular in shape. Here is a view of a group of these granaries (Fig. 7.) You are looking down from the yard into them, remember, and of course the roof has been omitted from the picture to show you the stores of grain garnered within. Here then was proof number four—the ants do store away the ant-rice and other seeds, for I found more than one kind within their little store-houses and barns.

"But what do they do with these seeds? Are they really provided as 'meat' and gathered for 'food,' as the inspired writer says? I had no doubt about that myself; but I wanted to prove it beyond question. Of course I could not creep down into the nest and live there long enough to see the insects at their meals; nor

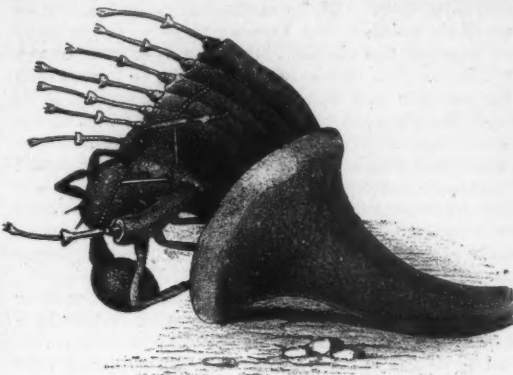


FIG. 11.—OCCIDENT-ANT GATHERING SUNFLOWER SEED.

would they come out-of-doors and have an emmet picnic in the open just to show me how they did. What, then, should I do? I did this: I had a large number of the ants shipped to me from Texas, built for them small artificial formicaries in my library, and kept them during an entire winter under observation. I saw many interesting and cunning habits, which I have not time to relate to you, but among these was their food-habit. I observed that they did eat the seeds which I had taken from their nests, as well as other grains, such as oats. They lapped up the oily substance from the nut-like seeds, just as a cat does milk, and licked off the starchy grains, as I have seen children lick a candy-stick. Thus was added the last link to the chain of proof that our Texas Agriculturals are real harvesting-ants.

"These are not the only harvesters. It was not hard to discover that two species with the same habit live in the Holy Land, where Solomon dwelt and wrote, and also in countries where Homer and Virgil lived, who also had told about the harvesting-ants. You may be very sure, therefore, that these ancient writers made no mistake, and that the naturalists who voted them in error were wrong themselves.

"We have other harvesting-ants in our own land. Two of the most common objects that attract the eye of a traveler upon the Great American Plains are the villages of the Prairie-dogs and the cone-shaped mounds of the Occident-ant. Here is one of these (Fig. 8.) They are covered with gravel, which the ants bring up from beneath, having dug them out in making their granaries and boring out pipe-like roads or galleries

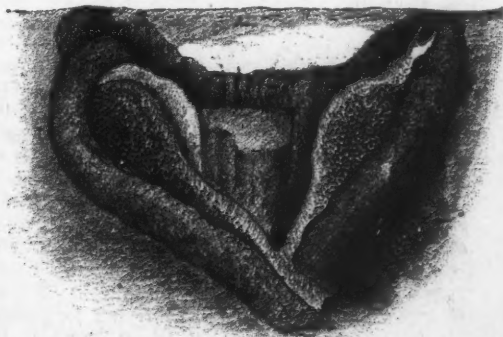


FIG. 12.—GRANARIES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HARVESTER.



that unite them. The granaries are ranged in stories one above another, and I traced them as far as eight feet beneath the surface. This figure (Fig. 9) shows an interior plan of one of these nests, as it was seen after one side had been dug away, and this (Fig. 10) is one of the granaries cut out of the soil in which it was dug. These letters, R, R, (Fig. 9) show store-rooms or granaries in which quantities of seeds were placed, and these G, G, are galleries that connect them. I saw some of these Occident Ants gathering wild sunflower seeds in the Garden-of-the-Gods, and our next picture shows her mounted upon the flower and tugging away at a seed with all her might. (Fig. 11.)

"Indeed, we need not go to Texas or Colorado or Florida to find American harvesting-ants. Right here in our own neighborhood, in the field in which this church stands, in the orchard-walk at Shadybank over the way, and in various places around the Old Farm where I live, there is a little black ant, the Pennsylvania Harvester (*Pheidole Pennsylvanicus*), who harvests seed, and here is a drawing of two of its granaries (Fig. 12.) One of the worker-castes is a funny-looking creature, having a very large head. It is known as the 'Soldier,' while the other forms are called 'workers.'

#### THE LESSONS.

"And now, my children, having told you something about that habit which the good Book refers to, let me point you to the lessons which it is intended to teach. The first is a lesson of Honest Industry. Turn once more to Proverbs, Chapter xxx, and take up the Scripture at the verse where we stopped before—the 9th. Read, now, the 9th, 10th and 11th verses:

"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep! So shall thy poverty come as one that travelth, and thy want as an armed man."

"That is the lesson. If you love idleness and sleep, if you grow up to be sluggards, poverty and want will sweep down fast upon you like a swift traveler, and will conquer and destroy you like an enemy in arms. It is the hand of the diligent that shall wax rich. Learn to work honestly and lovingly, not simply to get your task done and pocket the pay for it, but as one who loves his business, and is determined to do his whole duty to his employer. Drive every nail, spin every thread, turn every furrow, sweep every room, dust every chair, wash every dish as in the sight of One

who sees the slightest act and will try all your work. Quaint George Herbert has well sung:

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine."

The lazy person is always an unfortunate person, usually an unhappy and often a wicked one. The poet Spencer, in his 'Faerie Queene,' has well called 'Sluggish Idleness the Nourse of Sinne.'

"There is another lesson which I may venture to refer to, though I must ask the religious leader at my side to enlarge upon it. It is a lesson of forethought of that Future which lies before all souls. Old age, misfortune, and death hasten upon man like the Winter of the year. Would you lay up in Heaven a store of good deeds—a treasure which cannot be stolen and will not decay? Begin now! 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, ere the evil days come.' This is the harvest time for you—for us all. Use it to form a character that shall stand the test of an Eternal Judge, and to do deeds of goodness, righteousness, purity, truthfulness, honor, which shall bless not only yourselves but the generation in which you live. A recent author thus begins his book: 'Some things God gives often, some he gives but once. The seasons come and go and the flowers change with the months, but youth comes twice to none.' If the temptation should come to you to defer to another, and yet further, and yet more distant day, the duty of laying up store of spiritual wealth—noble character, kindly deeds and immortal Hope through the Saviour of all, then remember the teaching of our humble insect friends. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard! Consider her ways, and be wise.'"

The Doctor followed with apt and tender words, the children sang a familiar refrain, and after prayer the meeting was dismissed.

Was my address a success? I wondered and greatly feared.

But the Doctor took my hand, and pressing it warmly, looked into my face with his honest, kindly eyes, and said: "Well done! you have taught us all to-day to 'look from Nature up to Nature's God.'"

When we had reached home the Mistress came to me and said: "It was a sweet surprise. I was never happier than this day when I saw my husband standing with that holy man in the good work of helping those poor children to attain a happier future both here and hereafter."

Thus I was comforted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BORN, 1735. DIED, 1806.

A SCABBARD pierced by blade too keen and bright;  
A torch quick spent, lit by too fierce a fire—  
Such was thy life, rare-gifted boy. Thy lyre  
Thick strung with thine own heart-strings fine and slight,  
And early cadenced song's sweet rythm to cite,  
Did but a few, low, gladdening notes expire  
Like birds at dawn, when Death in jealous ire  
Swept o'er the strings his cruel hand of might,  
And left them torn and rifted. Men grieved sore  
The music rudely hushed, the young heart stilled,  
And poets sang thy loss in sorrow's key,  
But angels, joyous, sped to Heaven's door,  
To greet, while gold harps all the soft air thrilled,  
A soul so pure, so fit their mate to be.

JENNIE S. JUDSON.



## THE PARADISE LOST, AND HOW IT WAS REGAINED.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

[From KATE GRANT to JAMES STANLEY, ESQ.]

DEAR UNCLE JAMES—Of course the coupons burn in our pockets, as you said they would; but I do hope you will not think us too foolish when I tell you that Eleanor wants to spend right away what is due of hers, and that I want to spend mine for Eleanor. Of course the unexpected legacy was the greatest blessing to us in our circumstances, and I know it seems as if we either ought to lay it up for a rainy day, or use it for necessary expenses; and indeed Eleanor and I had quite decided that if we ever did spend any of it for a luxury it should be to hire a nurse for poor Aunt Margaret. There are times when Eleanor and I both have to be out, and we are afraid that even when we are at home, and especially at night, auntie does not call upon us as often as she ought to. But auntie herself proposed a plan which I at once saw was the proper thing to be done, and to which we have at last made Eleanor consent: it is for her to go to M—— for a year to the Art School (O if we could only make it Paris! but Eleanor says that even M—— would be Paradise), and give up all idea of trying to find pupils this winter. Of course it will be quite an expense, as there will be board besides tuition; but we are all sure it will be economy in the end, as her work will be so much better, and she will be so much better fitted to teach. So please, uncle dear, don't advise us not to; because, you know, we are both of age, and are going to do it anyway, and we would ever so much rather do it with your approval. I enclose the coupons; please collect and forward to

Your affectionate niece,

KATE GRANT.

[From JAMES STANLEY, ESQ., to MISS KATE GRANT.]

MY DEAR KATE—All right about the plan, but where are the coupons? Please collect, and forward to

Your humble servant and uncle,

JAMES STANLEY.

[Telegram from KATE GRANT to JAMES STANLEY.]

Were not coupons in letter?

KATE GRANT.

[From JAMES STANLEY to KATE GRANT.]

No.

JAMES STANLEY.

[Telegram from KATE GRANT to JAMES STANLEY.]

DEAR UNCLE JAMES—I am almost distracted, as you can imagine. We cannot find them anywhere! It is true I don't absolutely remember putting them into the letter, but I certainly thought I did, and I know that I had them a few minutes before, in a common white envelope, lying on the desk where I was writing. I had just slipped my letter to you into the envelope, when I was told that a poor woman wanted to see me down stairs. As I went down, I shut the door of my room, though I did not lock it, and I was not gone ten minutes. My poor woman did not come up, and it could not have been the servants; for the chambermaid who had called me went down with me, and could not have gone back without my seeing her, as I stood at the door; the waitress was dusting the parlor while I stood there, and I heard the cook at the basement door while I was talking. We are in a boarding-house, and, of

course, there are boarders; but O, Uncle James! they are all ladies and gentlemen, and I cannot accuse anybody with nothing to go upon but the fact that the coupons are lost! Besides, it seems incredible that any one entering my room should look into open envelopes on the chance of there being money in them. I wrote several letters that morning: to Emma Stearns, telling her of Eleanor's plans: to a boarding-house woman in M——, whom Mrs. Haskell recommended, to see if Eleanor could have a room with her; to the principal of the Art School, and to Cousin Sarah. Dear Uncle James, I can see your eyes brighten! You think the boarding-house woman has it, and that I slipped your letter into the wrong envelope; but I have written to her, and she says no, and Mrs. Haskell says she is a woman who can be trusted, and, O dear! there is nothing to do but to bear it! I could bear it if it were only about myself, but half the coupons were Eleanor's, and she will have to give up Paradise! Don't reproach me; no one can reproach me half so bitterly as I reproach myself.

Your unhappy niece,

KATE.

[From JAMES STANLEY to MISS KATE GRANT.]

MY DEAR KATY—Don't reproach yourself too bitterly. Of course, you were a little careless; but you are expiating the folly of being a woman. Meanwhile, I can manage to advance you funds on the next coupons, for Eleanor must not give up Paradise.

Affectionately your uncle,

JAMES STANLEY.

[ELEANOR GRANT, ten months later, to KATE GRANT.]

MY DARLING KATE—Almost time for me to go back to you, after my year in Paradise! But then, when I do go back, I am going to carry Paradise with me. Can you guess the conundrum? Lovingly,

ELEANOR.

[From KATE GRANT to ELEANOR GRANT.]

DEAREST ELEANOR—Yes, I can; it is one of two things: either you have painted a Sphinx, or you are engaged to marry Mr. William L. Hartwell.

Yours, joyfully,

KATE.

[From ELEANOR GRANT to KATE GRANT.]

KATY DEAR!—How could you put it so, and how could you know, when I have only written about him two or three times, just to let you know that somebody was good to me in my exile! I did not mean to tell you at all till I went home, because I wanted to see your eyes when I told you; but it was pleasanter to think of making your eyes glad and tender, than even of seeing them glad, so I cannot resist letting you know all about it now. Of course, we shall not be married for some time, although Will insists that it is absurd for me to toil with a lot of pupils next winter, when he is able and willing, (yes, quite willing, I assure you, Katy!) to establish our little home at once. It may seem to you that we have advanced in our plans pretty rapidly; but, really, Katy, we have been engaged longer than you think. I could not tell even you, dear, just at once, and we have really been engaged three weeks. And, besides, somehow you do fall into telling

your lover things that you wouldn't tell anybody else ; and so he knows all about auntie and you, and my plans for next winter, and all our little economies ; but, of course, I haven't told him how we lost our coupons. With the next coupons we can quite clear our debt to Uncle James—of course, it wasn't *exactly* borrowing, because we *knew* the money to pay it back would be ours before long—but I really want to show people that I was quite sincere when I said I knew I could earn more than the money back if I seemed to waste it all just at first in studying a little more. So I shall certainly teach next winter, as I said I should ; but after that—O Katy, after that!—we shall all have a home of our own ! for you and auntie are to live with us, of course, and the extra coupons, which we shall not need then, can go for the nurse that auntie ought to have, and, O my darling ! how happy I am ! and how true it was that those coupons, even though we lost them, were the gates to Paradise ! Ever your loving

ELEANOR.

[From KATE GRANT to ELEANOR GRANT.]

MY PRECIOUS ELEANOR—"Of course I haven't told him how we lost the coupons!" O, you silly girl, to think you can quiet my self-reproaches by taking half the blame, or make me forgive myself by keeping my carelessness a secret from other people ! And, as if I did not see through your strong-minded wish to show people that you were sincere about meaning to teach, when I know that you will have to teach only because these miserable next coupons, that ought to buy your *trousseau*, will have to go for the debt to Uncle James ! I would stitch the flesh off my bones for you, so far as the sewing goes, but I cannot weave and spin, and you know you must have one of those garnet silks that are to be the rage this winter. O dear, though ! it will have to be *next* winter, won't it, and next winter blue may be the rage, and blue isn't half so becoming to you as garnet.

Aunt Eleanor is so glad for you ! She is writing to you this very minute. What a blessing it is that she can enjoy books and correspondents. She writes more than ever, and finished four letters this morning before beginning one to you.

Ever your repentant sister,

KATE.

[From MISS MARGARET GRANT to ELEANOR GRANT.]

MY DARLING CHILD—You remember what you used to quote so often from George Eliot : that if we use simple words on a great occasion they are the more effective, because they are felt at once to have a special significance, like old banners or every-day clothes hung

up in a sacred place." And, after all, what can I say to you of all that is in my heart for you better than, "Dear child, I am glad ! and may God have you in his keeping !" Faithfully,

AUNT MARGARET.

From ELEANOR GRANT to MISS MARGARET GRANT.]

DEAR AUNTIE—Isn't it too splendid ? to think that they should have turned up just now when they are such a mercy ! I am too happy to write.

Lovingly,

ELEANOR.

[Postal-card from MISS MARGARET GRANT to ELEANOR GRANT.]

What has turned up ?

M. G.

[Postal-card from ELEANOR GRANT to MISS MARGARET GRANT.]

Why, the coupons, of course !

E. G.

[Postal-card from MISS MARGARET GRANT to ELEANOR GRANT.]

Where did you find them ?

M. G.

[Postal-card from ELEANOR GRANT to MISS MARGARET GRANT.]

In your letter. Where did *you* find them ?

E. G.

[From KATE GRANT to ELEANOR GRANT.]

O Eleanor ! Eleanor ! isn't it too splendid ? We can account for it all now, though we knew nothing about it when the latter was sent. I told you that auntie had written four other letters the same morning she wrote yours. She called to me from the other room that she was all out of envelopes, and would I please bring her five *square ones* ? I slipped five from the pile in one of my pigeon-holes and carried them in to her. She put the five letters in them, directed and stamped them, and I carried them to the post-box. Of course, that morning, a year ago, I put the envelope with the coupons in it back in the desk, and slipped Uncle James's letter into another one ; but the strange part of it is that I have been using off that pile for a year, more or less, and, for all I know, have shuffled them over a dozen times, though I have not used a great many from the pile, because, to use a Hibernian expression, most of my notes are letters that take long envelopes instead of square ones. But to think that I should have come to that one on the very day when the discovery would give us most pleasure, and that sending five letters away at once, Auntie, should have sent to you by accident the one with your own money in it, is too wonderful for belief ! "All's well that ends well," Eleanor dear, and the silk shall be garnet. Your faithful

KATE.

P. S.—I suppose, now, it will recur to you that no true wife keeps any secret from her husband, and so you will go and tell him all about how we lost those coupons ! But never mind, as long as we have found them.

K.

## FATE.

"THERE is no fate beyond our wills," you say.

My little bird knows better far than you ;

See how he beats against his prison bars,

These radiant wings that might have sailed the blue

With conscious rapture thrilling through and through,

Or hurried through the mists of morning gray,

To meet the dawn and watch the sinking stars.

Poor useless wings ! that still from day to day

Must weaker grow, until perhaps at last

The wish and power for longer flight are past,

And here he sits and sings his life away.

If wrong there be, some higher power is wrong.

A bird's life is a poor thing, at the best ;

But far away, perhaps, beneath the trees

Of some free forest, rocked by every breeze,

There hangs a lonely, spoiled, deserted nest

That one short year ago was glad with song.

See ! I can take his fate within my hand ;

His prison door is open ! Swift he flies

Far, far away into the glad blue skies.

And this is fate. We may not understand,

But yet we feel it. Higher than the stars

And stronger than our wills some Power there is

Who rules us and who molds our destinies,

And fastens or unlocks our prison bars.

HELEN HAWTHORNE.

## LEICESTER SQUARE AND ITS STORY.

THE late resurrection of the Alhambra of London and the more recent opening of its formidable rival, the Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, soil once hallowed by the residence of royalty and the abode of art and science, forcibly remind one of the grievous transit of mundane glory, of the inevitable oblivion that eats like a moth into the mantle of fame.

How many men of to-day, as they hasten through the questionable purlieus of old Leicester Fields, or roll in carriages to the play-houses to witness the latest extravaganza, pause to consider that hence a king of Great Britain departed to mount his throne; that here a charming queen expired in the seclusion of poverty; that yonder the descendants of Sir Philip Sidney, "that paragon of courtesy and all the virtues and accomplishments," held a court rivaling their sovereign's in brilliancy; while within the limits of the now dismal enclosure, Sir Joshua Reynolds had his studio, Hogarth labored for an unappreciative world, Sir Isaac Newton lived and thought, Swift wrote, and John Hunter electrified the age with his discoveries?

The present anxious-visaged, scurrying denizens of the locality suggest no thought of their illustrious predecessors; yet here the Princes of the House of Hanover grew to manhood; hither came kings and "Old Noll," the Protector; Peter the Great and Prince Eugene, Cruikshank and Bell, Mead and Arbuthnot, Halley and Gregory, Wren and De Moivre, Bentley and Whiston, Sloane and Clark, Butler and Burnet, Halifax and Harley; St. John, Addison and Prior, Gay and Congreve, Bathurst and Chesterfield, together with the beauties of the reigns of Anne and the Georges.

A very galaxy of celebrities, it has been remarked, to immortalize Leicester Fields.

Although situated within gun-shot of Charing Cross, Leicester Square has lost *prestige* which, in England, is to be lost, indeed. A class of citizens, more or less reputable, and mainly exotic, have made it their haunt, rendering the locality disagreeable, if not dangerous, to well-ordered folk. Within a few years some attempt has been put forth by the landscape gardener to beautify the howling wilderness where once "the golden horse," a monument erected by a princely son in derision of his royal father, reared its gleaming front, decayed and fell into disgrace; but the gay *parterres* have but whited the sepulchre, not cleansed it, and it is with relief that one turns from what is to consider what has been.

It has been noted that the vicissitudes of a London quarter usually follow a downward road; and that the more easterly it lies, the more decidedly downward is its tendency. From being fashionable, it may become professional; or it may resign itself to come down from mansions to hotels; it may fall lower still, to lodging and boarding-houses of the cosmopolitan kind, or it may become frankly industrial. Leicester Square, that precinct of princes, nobles and the stars of art and science, a century ago accepted *vestigia nulla retrorsum* as its motto, and has hastened to its decline.

Ever dreading the extension of her city, with its accompaniments of increased expenses and danger of disseminating the plague and disease, the wary Elizabeth cast a doubtful eye upon the marsh lands beyond the ancient walls of London, where cows grazed and women

hung their clothes upon the hedge-rows to dry; while the sapient James seconded the conservative views of his illustrious relative by declaring that "the growth of the capital resembled that of a rickety child's head, in which an excessive influx of humors drained and impoverished the extremities, and at the same time generated distempers in the overloaded parts."

Indeed, it is maintained that this cautious monarch begrudged his courtiers a twelve-month in London, saying to them, by way of inducement: "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in a sea that show like nothing; but in the country villages you are like ships on a river, which look like great things."

However astute such reasoning may have been, it certainly did not obtain with progressive Britons, and the consequence was that the middle of the seventeenth century saw the marsh lands of the first half transformed into a flourishing district, with eventful Leicester House for its nucleus.

This Leicester House, a princely structure of proportions at once ample and stately, was succeeded upon its destruction by a barn-like edifice with ten windows in front, as bleak and inhospitable as the Hanoverian Prince who inhabited it and therein reared a family, the eldest of whom became the third George of England.

The name of Leicester, be it understood, was not derived from Elizabeth's infamous favorite, but from a revival of the earldom in the line of the Sidneys, the progenitor of which accompanied Henry II. from Anjou.

Sir Henry Sidney, son of Sir William, a famous knight under Henry VIII., a man as celebrated for his brilliant parts and his intimacy with young Edward VI. as for his having been "the greatest, wisest, and justest Lord-Deputy Ireland ever had," was the father of an illustrious son, Sir Philip Sidney. Upon their death, the honors of Warwick and Leicester were vested in Sir Robert, who in 1632 was appointed by Charles I. ambassador to Denmark, and was instructed to look into the interests of the king's sister, Elizabeth, the Queen of Bohemia, sometimes called the "Snow Queen," always the "Queen of Hearts."

Feasts appear to have been the principal feature of this embassy, and though the King of Denmark always drank from thirty to forty bottles and was "taken away at last in his chair," it is said to the glory of my lord of Leicester that "when there came two of the king's guard to take him by the arms as he was going down the stairs, my lord shook them off and went alone."

In 1636 the earl was further honored by being appointed minister to France; and it is about this time that the first domestic picture at Leicester House is presented, when, being commissioned by her husband to buy the Queen of France a present, Lady Leicester "goes shopping to secure the best pennyworth of bone lace she may for her lord's money."

But soon the clouds begin to lower about the head of Charles, and the earl returns to Leicester House. Discouraged and disappointed by the ominous portents of the time, Lord Leicester retired to Penshurst, and left his town-house to his family—to Philip until his marriage, to Algernon while attending Parliament, to Robert ere he was summoned to Paris, and to Henry, an accomplished gentleman, and one of the far-sighted



seven who signed the instrument inviting William of Orange to the English throne.

It was Algernon, the bright, particular star of the family, who brought the first shade of gloom upon Leicester House, when, having been persecuted by both Cromwell and Charles II., he died upon the scaffold after the iniquitous trial for the Rye House Plot. The valor and high sense of honor of Algernon Sidney were frequently the topic of remark.

During the momentous trial of the king, Sidney discovered that his name was included among the judges. He went to the Painted Chamber and listened in silence to the nefarious debate as to the course of procedure. Presently Colonel Sidney rose and spoke in opposition to Cromwell, Bradshaw, and the rest, maintaining—first, that the king could be tried by no court; and secondly, that no man could be tried by that court.

"I tell you we will cut off his head with the crown upon it!" cried Cromwell.

"You may take your own course," replied Colonel Sidney; "I cannot stop you; but I will keep myself clear from having any hand in this business."

And he immediately left the chamber never to return. Although by this step Colonel Sidney lost cast with Cromwell, he remained at Leicester House during the year, and, as a member, attended the Council of State, of which Bradshaw was President and Milton Secretary for Foreign Correspondence.

In 1693, "the Parliament sitting as usual," the Lord General Cromwell apparently seizes the reins of government, and at a blow puts an end to Colonel Sidney's career during the Commonwealth.

"It happened that day (April 20th) that Algernon Sidney sat next to the speaker on his right hand. The General said to Harrison, 'Put him out.' Harrison spake to Sidney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sat still. The General said again, 'Put him out!' Then Harrison and Wartley put their hands upon Sidney's shoulders as if they would force him to go out, when he rose and went toward the door."

After such an infamous indignity, we need not be surprised to learn that the brave colonel sternly opposed his brother Philip's servile offer to place Leicester House at Cromwell's service. Whereupon my Lord of Lisle complains to his father of his younger brother's domineering assertion, adding, in unmanly vein:

"I am uncertain whether I can have liberty to look at it (the house) or not, for it seems that it is not only his chamber but the great room of the house and perhaps the whole that he commands."

However, ill-starred Algernon soon after became a political outcast, and upon the demise of the aged earl, the contested home passed into the possession of Philip, Lord Lisle.

Good cheer and peace fled from Leicester House with the Restoration.

The noblest son had been executed, the mother and several children had abandoned the place, and a poverty-stricken, though still fascinating, queen dwelt in the apartments of the noble earl.

This royal lady was Elizabeth, daughter of James I., Princess Palatine, Queen of Bohemia. If Arabella Stuart, it has been remarked, is considered one of the saddest ladies of history, the fate of the "Queen of Hearts," though less tragic, is hardly less pathetic.

A widowed fugitive, she cast herself upon the bounty of her champion, Lord Craven, and begged a bed to die on in her native land. In spite of all remonstrance, she set sail for England from Holland in 1661, and in the following year Dr. Fraser, at the command of

Charles II., journeyed to Penshurst to ask the courtesy of Lord Leicester on behalf of the Queen of Bohemia, that he would allow her Leicester House.

Although he hinted at his reluctance to let his house, his lordship replied:

"I consider my duty and obedience to the king's commandment; and next to that I consider the opportunity of contributing somewhat to the service of the Queen of Bohemia, whose humble servant I am and have been these many years. And I shall think it a great happiness to me if the air of my house may contribute to the recovery of her health, or that I myself may be any way serviceable to her majesty."

Thereupon, the house is leased for a term of three months at the round sum for those days of £200, with the proviso that the earl shall renovate some attic-rooms "for the better convenience of the queen's ladies." As may naturally be supposed, the gallant earl responded cheerfully to the request; in proof of which he writes:

"Now, I hope the ladies are as well accommodated as they can be in that little house, which was not built for a levée, but only for a private family."

The Marchese Durazzo, Genoese ambassador to the English Court, chanced to be present at one of the few receptions given by Elizabeth at Leicester House; and having met with familiar courtesy at the hands of the royal lady, the marchese quaintly remarks:

"This princess has learned from nature, and continued through the changes of her fortune an incomparable goodness; and as people ever turn away from her with profit and applause, she has thus often, by this capital alone, sustained in a most depressed estate the respect due to her rank. Now brought back to the possession of her appanages, while her son enjoys that of his states, she is restored to some authority, and thus is heightened the lustre of that affable manner with which she wonderfully conciliates the esteem and love of the court."

But the end was nigh; and this bright though transitory glimpse was destined soon to be eclipsed. The ravages of disease in the person of the queen ere long aroused Charles to the necessity of removing his long-suffering aunt to Whitehall, lest her death should occur in a hired house.

Too late! The evening of her stormy life closed in about the Queen of Bohemia as she calmly sat in her chair at Leicester House, expressing her simple wishes and receiving the Sacrament, courageous and clear-minded to the last.

It was the eve of St. Valentine's—her wedding-day. She was sixty-five, and had been a wife for nineteen years, a widow for thirty, and an exile for forty-eight.

Upon receipt of the sad intelligence, the Earl of Leicester despatched the following characteristic letter of condolence to the ever-faithful Lord Craven:

"My royal tenant is departed. It seems Fate did not think it fit I should have the honor, which indeed I never much desired, to be the landlord of a queen."

Our next picture of Leicester House is gay and bustling, with a train of carriages drawn up at the door, from which a bevy of portly gentlemen in long periwigs and smartly-laced clothes descend and file into the house. These are the President of the Royal Society and a deputation come to pay their visit of ceremony to the French ambassador, Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of the famous minister of the "Grand Monarque," who is lodged there.

Next we hear of the Countess Anne, wife to Robert,



Earl of Sunderland, the eminent minister of Charles, James and William, entertaining the demure John Evelyn at a *tête-à-tête* dinner during her lord and master's absence, with Richardson, the fire-eater, to entertain them at dessert.

"He devoured brimstone in glowing coals before us," says Evelyn, "chewing and swallowing them. He melted a beer-glass and ate it quite up; then, taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster. The coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was boiled."

A little to the west of Leicester House stood a mansion belonging to the Marquis of Ailesbury, in 1698 occupied by the eccentric Marquis of Caermarthen, who was appointed by James II. to be the cicerone, guide and master of ceremonies to Peter the Great during his visit to England.

The young despot of twenty-six arrived, "untamed, untaught, a unique combination of practical sagacity, profound purpose and comprehensive intelligence, with the habits of a sot and the manners of a savage." Fresh from the dock-yards of Zaandam, he came to the English court. Disgusted with the ceremony and observation he created, Peter declared he would only go to Kensington without equipages or servants, and insisted that the king should visit him in the same manner. In the theatre he concealed himself in the back of the box, and rather than support the stare of the House of Lords he climbed up to the roof and peeped down through an upper window. His special delight was to sail all day in a yacht with the Marquis of Caermarthen, and drink all night with him at Leicester Fields.

Tradition maintains that their favorite "tippie" was brandy spiced with pepper, and it is recorded that, before going to the theatre, besides a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry, the Czar "floored" eight bottles of sack. The Marquis gave Peter one solitary evening reception of grandeur at Leicester Fields, after which he removed his imperial charge to Debtford, where John Evelyn's house was hired. Upon their arrival, Evelyn's servant wrote to his master:

"There is a house full of people, and right nasty."

Indeed, it is said, the £150 which Evelyn received from the king to cleanse and repair his premises upon the departure of his royal tenant, did scarce suffice, especially if one takes into consideration the damage to the pet holly-hedges which the Czar ruined by driving a wheel-barrow through them for an appetite of a morning.

During 1712, Hoffman, the French ambassador, hired Leicester House, and there received and lodged Prince Eugene, the great captain, "a little, ugly, yellow, wizened man."

About this time proposals of peace had been submitted on the part of France, and communicated to the Allies. No man had done more to bring about the abandonment of the war than Dean Swift; then a center of diplomacy.

Prince Eugene, on the other hand, had arrived to press, on behalf of the Emperor, the abandonment of all that had been done in the direction of peace, and to make proposals for a more vigorous prosecution of the war.

The two men were antagonists, although no rupture ensued.

Swift resided in Leicester Fields, and from his lodgings could hear the acclamations of the mob whenever Prince Eugene entered or left Leicester House. Curious to see his rival, Swift relates

"I went at six to see the prince at court, but he was gone in to the queen, and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: As Prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to court, he told the secretary that Hoffman, the Emperor's president, said to his highness that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one. 'Now,' says the prince, 'I know not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen to see whether any of them have one that I might borrow it; but none of them have any.' Was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt?"

The Duke of Marlborough is authority that there was nothing the Prince Eugene so much desired as to contrive some way "to soften Doctor Swift." But he failed in this respect, just as he failed in his embassy; and after a series of *fêtes*, the prince returned to Paris.

As has been said, in 1712, the year of his most jubilant and incessant activity, Swift had lodgings in Leicester Fields. There is ample proof to believe that he removed hither in order to be a neighbor of the fascinating Mrs. Catherine Barton, who had lately arrived to take charge of the household of her illustrious uncle, Sir Isaac Newton.

To the unpretentious red brick house, recently vacated by the Danish minister, resorted all the leading wits, sages, and reigning beauties of the time, to meet Newton, then best known as master of the mint and president of the Royal Society.

The period of intense mental application had passed before Newton became a familiar figure in Leicester Fields; he had arrived at his season of ease and honor.

We are informed that the Princess Caroline, subsequently queen to George II., a woman of exceptional intelligence and rare accomplishments, delighted in the society of Newton. She would send for him, and the aged philosopher would straightway be carried in his chair across the Fields to Leicester House, at that period the residence of the Prince of Wales and his family.

Here the princess gathered about her Dr. Clark, the Abbé Conti, Berkeley, and Butler; but Sir Isaac Newton was the favorite and intimate friend. Her highness always consulted the sage upon the education of her children, and it was for her that he wrote his Short Chronicle of the History of Europe.

It was, probably, at his house in Leicester Fields that, during his decline, Newton remarked:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

In Newton's celebrated house subsequently lived Dr. Martin Burney, author of the "History of Music," and father of a gifted daughter, Fanny, Madame d'Arblay.

During the first half of the last century Pennant bestowed upon Leicester House the rather doubtful appellation of "the Pouting Place of Princes," and that from 1717 until 1760 it was the continuous residence of the Princes of Wales, a Prince of Wales of that epoch being ever at deadly feud with the head of his house.

In those days, we are assured, when the sovereign

was the center of government and the heir-apparent the nucleus of the opposition, every trifling root of bitterness between king and prince was carefully nurtured by gossiping women, mischief-making courtiers and place-hunting politicians.

At Leicester House "pouted" George II. during his father's life and while the dissension concerning his hapless mother, Sophia Dorothea, was at its height. The prince rented Leicester House at £500 a year, established a communication between it and Savile House, immediately to the west, and there set up his miniature court, which was frequented by literary lords, wits, poetasters, and pamphleteers, the annals of which are so attractively related by Hervey, Chesterfield, Dodington and Walpole, Lady Montague and Mrs. Howard, Pope, Swift and Gay. Thus life at Leicester House went merrily enough until the succession of the Prince of Wales to the throne.

It was here that George II.'s first council was held when Lord Hervey writes: "The square was thronged with multitudes of the meaner sort, and resounded with huzzas and acclamations, whilst every room in the house was filled with people of higher rank crowding to kiss hands and to make the earliest and warmest professions of zeal for the new king's service." The king remained four days in his old home, "during which time," adds Lord Hervey, "Leicester House, which used to be a desert, was thronged from morning to night, like the 'Change at noon."

In these drawing-rooms Sir Robert Walpole, the late king's minister, read the sad chapter of lost favor in the countenances of his recent flatterers and friends, and even his good wife shared his disgrace, as described by her son, Sir Horace.

"My mother," writes the coming minister, "could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row; but no sooner was she discried by her Majesty (Queen Caroline), than she cried aloud, 'There I am sure I see a friend!' The torrent divided and shrunk to either side. 'And as I came away,' said my mother, 'I might have walked over their heads if I had pleased.'"

Having been vacated by George II., the Prince of Wales, impulsive, extravagant and frivolous Frederick Louis, took up his residence at Leicester House. Thereupon the prince made himself not only unpopular but positively hated by reason of his foreign tastes, his masques and private theatricals, and his love of French fiddlers and players. Desnoyers, the dancing-master, was invited and took up his permanent residence at Leicester House. Plays, balls and riotous supper-parties ensued in bewildering succession, at which citadels in sugar were bombarded with bonbons, and champagne flowed until five o'clock in the morning.

Yet all the while, behind the curtain, domestic dramas were being enacted, of which such maids-of-honor as the famous Miss Chudleigh and such women-of-the-bedchamber as Lady Middlesex were the heroines. Here also we may picture the superstitious prince delighting in the society of the wizard St. Germain, the predecessor of Cagliostro, described as the Wandering Jew, the possessor of the Great Elixir, the discoverer of the Philosopher's Stone.

Death, however, soon put an end to this aimless course of life; and when George II. was informed that his eldest son had breathed his last, he continued his card-playing with the utmost composure. Indeed, the king did not pay a visit to Leicester Square for a month after the prince's decease; but when at last he did go,

he considerably declined the chair of state which had been set for him, and seating himself upon a sofa beside the princess, kissed her and wept with her.

Leicester House henceforth became the theater of the almost constant attempts to draw her royal highness into the party warfare of the time, she having been created guardian of the young prince, her son, and the future George III.

Perhaps the most imposing pageant which Leicester Square has witnessed in the course of its fitful career was upon the occasion of the proclamation, 1760, which introduced George III. as King of Great Britain in the presence of the great officers of state, representatives of the nobility, and privy counsellors in all their insignia, with the knights-at-arms in their tabards. A few days later we find the square thronged with a cheering mob, assembled to witness the grandees crowding to Leicester House to kiss the hand of the new sovereign.

Walpole was present on this auspicious occasion, and remarked, with some satisfaction, that "the sovereign don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed on the ground, dropping bits of German news; he walks about and speaks to everybody."

Four years later, upon the eve of the departure of the royal family for Carlton House, the Square again rang with rejoicings, and the drawing-rooms of Leicester House buzzed with the congratulations to the Princess Augusta, sister to the young king, upon her marriage with the notorious Prince of Brunswick. In order that we may be assured that the guests were well cared for, the chronicler relates that "there were in one of the ante-chambers of Leicester House French rolls, old hock, Madeira, Burgundy, claret and champagne for the refreshment of such persons as chose it."

It is with the death of Prince Frederick William, 1765, the youngest brother of George III., and "a youth of amiability and promise," that Leicester Square's chapter of royalty closes, and one turns with pleasure to the great names in art and science which dignified the locality in the eighteenth century.

It was yonder, under the sign of the Golden Head, later a part of the Sablonière Hotel, at present replaced by the Tennyson Schools, that in 1733 Hogarth established himself with the young wife whom he had carried off from the house of her father, Sir James Thornhill. Yet Hogarth came as no stranger to Leicester Fields, since we have early glimpses of the man, "first in his 'prentice days, sauntering round the Fields with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder. Then in his later manhood, as Barry saw him in Castle Street, a little man in a sky-blue coat, patting one of two boys on the back, and steadfastly watching the expression in his face, with a 'D—n him, if I would take of him; at him again!' Or as the old inhabitants of the Square, who lived till near the close of the century, remembered him, walking round the enclosure of an evening in his roquelaure and cocked hat."

It was in Leicester Square that fickle Fame found Hogarth at work among his engravers, turning off satires upon the passing follies of the day, and designing book-illustrations, frontispieces, shop-bills, masquerade and benefit tickets, and similar odd jobs. Pecuniary successes were rare, and many a picture has been drawn wherein Hogarth, compelled to sell his works at auction, is represented in his best wig, fretting, fuming, and pacing the room at the non-appearance of bidders. One remarkable case of the utter indifference of the public toward him is worthy of record.

The "Marriage à la Mode" series was offered for

sale. A Mr. Lane, the purchaser of the pictures, informs us that he arrived at the Golden Head about twelve o'clock and found only Hogarth and his friend, Dr. Parsons. Mr. Lane bid £110. No other bidder appeared. A few minutes before twelve the gentleman said he would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Hogarth wished Mr. Lane joy of his purchase. Dr. Parsons, much disturbed, attributed the failure of the sale to the early hour, and induced Mr. Lane to allow Hogarth till three o'clock to find a better purchaser. At one o'clock Hogarth said:

"I will no longer trespass on your generosity. You are the proprietor, and if you are pleased with the purchase, I am abundantly so with the purchaser."

These inimitable examples of the master, at present among the most cherished treasures of the National Gallery, were, in 1797, sold by Mr. Lane's heir for the sum of £1,381.

However, as his contemporaries aver, Hogarth met with pecuniary successes, and was frequently to be seen selling his impressions at a shilling a-piece, even faster than the rolling-press could work them off. Ill health for a time compelled Hogarth to remove to Chiswick, where he failed so rapidly that he ordered out his coach for the last time and drove back to the old home in Leicester Square. There was a letter awaiting him from Dr. Franklin, which he answered. Then, much fatigued, he retired; and when, shortly after, a violent ringing of his bell summoned his faithful attendant to his chamber, the great artist was discovered breathing his last.

Granting that Hogarth's nature was tinged with jealousy, of which there is no evidence, a certain commentator suggests that the presence of his great rival and opposite neighbor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, must at times have irritated him did he chance to compare his fortune-forsaken life with that of the famous portrait-painter.

Sir Joshua removed to No. 47 Leicester Square in the summer of 1760, in the full tide of his popularity. It has been truly said that, although Hogarth's portraits were true to life and character, the artist was not the fashion; nor, indeed, had he a *penchant* for fashionable subjects and people. On the other hand, Sir Joshua's studio was thronged from early dawn till evening by the nobility and the *élite* of the land, who largely paid him fifty guineas for a head, seventy for a half-length, and one hundred and fifty for a full-length.

Around his social board assembled Burke, Johnson, and the Shadow Boswell, Langton and Beauclerk, Drs. Percy and Burney, Goldsmith, Gibbon and Garrick, Lords Palmerston and Mulgrave, besides many of the most gifted and beautiful ladies of the time. Indeed, a faint impression of the society which haunted the modest dwelling in Leicester Square may be had when one takes into consideration that to the brush of Reynolds the world owes its knowledge of the personality of the leading *litterati* of that day, the famous figures of the senate and the bar, the divines, the heroes, the chiefs by sea and land, the beauties of the court and the middle walks of life, the Phrynes of society, and even the gods and goddesses of the stage.

Notwithstanding his deafness, which, he used to say, was often convenient, as it helped him to bear with bores, and prevented him from hearing the disagreeable truths of "d—d good-natured friends," he was the most genial and intelligent of companions. His good-nature was proverbial. Northcote once said of him: "If the devil was on his back, no one would learn it from his face."

We are informed that his house was the place of reconciliation for all quarrels among his various friends; that he was the confident of all their troubles; the contriver of happy accidents to bring estranged acquaintances together; the explainer-away of misunderstandings; a discreet adviser, and a man who never betrayed a confidence, broke a promise, or was false to a friend.

With his innate taste for the beautiful, Reynolds's mode of life in Leicester Square was luxurious, yet reasonable; his only vanity was the possession of a showy gilded coach, which, Northcote avers, "was an old chariot of a sheriff of London, newly done up." To this gaudy equipage were added servants in silver-laced livery.

His time being fully occupied with numerous engagements, and having no leisure for the luxury of driving, Sir Joshua insisted that his sister, "a plain lady, of homely habits," should parade in his carriage. In great dismay, Miss Reynolds complained that it was "too fine."

"What!" cried her brother. "Would you have it like an apothecary's carriage?"

And from that day the shrinking little spinster, in her gorgeous shell, was frequently an object of interest and wonder to stray loungers about the Square.

Sir Joshua worked in his studio at least six hours each day, and invariably remained standing before his easel; the remaining hours were passed in fashionable society. When the fatal blindness which darkened his declining years overtook him, the renowned artist employed his time in training the birds which were his solace and comfort, though he never neglected his social obligations, receiving and returning visits with cheerful punctiliousness.

He expired in his sixty-ninth year, "calmly, and without suffering;" and a few hours later, Edmund Burke, his truest friend, hastened to Leicester Square, to pen the obituary notice which he blotted with his tears.

Among Sir Joshua's *chef d'œuvres* is a portrait of John Hunter, who at the time was the artist's neighbor across the Square, at No. 28.

At the time of his residence in Leicester Square, Hunter was in his fifty-fifth year; "vigorous, famed as a surgeon, anatomist and observer, foremost in his profession and the tide of practice, and reaping an income of £8,000 a year." The rough, jovial Jack Hunter, of the Scotch homestead in Lanarkshire, appeared, in 1783, the sedate and earnest, though never polished, preceptor of Jenner and surgeon-extraordinary to the king.

"They wanted to make an old woman of me, that I should stuff Latin and Greek at the university," he was wont to say, referring to his brother's intention of destining him for the practice of an accoucheur; "but," he would add, pressing his thumb-nail upon the table, "those schemes I cracked, like so many vermin!"

But, though undaunted, he found the path to the elevation of higher science liberally bestrewn with thorns. So reduced were his circumstances before his promotion in the London hospitals, that he would often remark:

"Now I must leave this," some interesting dissection, "to earn that d—d guinea!"

His habits of observation were exceptional, no occasion of profit being permitted to escape him. In proof whereof it is said, that having broken his *tendon Achilles* by over-exertion in dancing, he studied the subject of such lesions while his accident was in process of



cure, and discovered the laws which govern the union of divided tendons.

But by the time that Hunter took up his abode in Leicester Square, an admiring world was at his feet. Jenner, Guy, of Chichester, Kingston, and Dr. Physick, of Philadelphia, were numbered among his private pupils, and Everard Home, Lynn and Carlisle among his disciples.

It has recently transpired that the pregnant secret of inoculation with vaccine lymph must have been broached in the privacy of Hunter's house in Leicester Square, notwithstanding the fact that not until three years after his preceptor's death did Jenner attempt his first experiment, since a rough sketch of the vaccine pustule occurs on the envelope of an undated letter from Jenner found among Hunter's papers.

Hunter married the refined and beautiful Miss Home, who attracted to the house in Leicester Square, among a bevy of celebrated guests, Haydn, the composer, then in the zenith of his popularity. Besides, an agreeable calling acquaintance was maintained between Hunter's family and Sir Joshua Reynolds on the opposite side of the Square, "though Hunter never relished the flattery, flummery, and humbug of society; was rough and uncereceremonious; quick of temper and blunt of speech; always called a spade a spade, and delighted to shock daintiness and snub pretension."

Naturally, such peculiarities failed to win him popularity. His hospital class never exceeded thirty, and yet his lectures revolutionized surgery.

Of Hunter's home-life at Leicester Square, all that is known is that he rose at six o'clock, worked in his dissecting-room until nine, his breakfast hour; saw patients until twelve, and then started on his round of visits, returning to dine at four. He ate little, drank one glass of wine, and then slept one hour, when he resumed work with his amanuensis until two in the morning. Having raised the science of surgery to a height never deemed credible, and thus benefitted the human race, Hunter died of disease of the heart, aggravated by being contradicted at a board meeting at one of the hospitals. The account runs that the struggle to suppress his passion brought on one of the terrible

spasms, and retreating a few steps, he fell with a groan into the arms of one of the physicians. He was borne home to Leicester Square; but ere the mournful party reached his house, whence he had gone out in the morning whistling a Scotch air, he was dead. Hunter had attained his sixty-fifth year, "without an equal in his combined character of surgeon and naturalist."

Ere the utter decline of Leicester Square set in, two other eminent surgeons lent their names to the immortality of the place—Cruikshank, Sir Joshua Reynold's medical attendant, and the successor to Hunter's Medical School, and Sir Charles Bell, of whom it is said, "there is no more interesting and lovable personality among British men of science; his discovery of the distinction between nerves of motion and sensation may be classed among the greatest ever made in surgical science."

All that can be recorded to the glory of Leicester Square has now been recorded; the rest is decay and degradation. If frequent duels and sensations of a debased character have been claimed for its brightest days, suspicion and doubt lurk about its very corners in its present humbling.

In speaking of the remarkable vicissitudes that have fallen to the lot of Leicester Square, the late Mr. Tom Taylor, to whom are ascribable many of the facts embodied in the foregoing narration, maintained that such a kaleidoscopic series of metamorphoses has perhaps never visited any other plot of earth since the world was; while all these changes and contrasts, culminating in the shabby, dingy, and disreputable enclosure of recent recollection, have within a few years bloomed into a trimly turfed and gayly flowered garden, with seats and graveled walks and marble ornaments. The shaggy, weed-grown enclosure, with its three-legged whitewashed horse, was purchased, beautified, and made a free gift for ever to the public by the well-known Stock Exchange speculator named Grant, who, when created a foreign baron, found awaiting him on the walls of the "House" the following distich:

"Kings can titles give, honor can't.  
Title without honor is a Baron Grant."

J. V. PRICHARD.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT! As the worn, widowed mother  
Croons the low lullaby over the nest  
Where the babes "cuddle doon," she may dream of  
another,  
And dreaming await him, her dearest, her best!  
The fatherless lad, who in sun and in rain  
Shall be her right arm—he is coming again!

Saturday Night—and a sense of the morrow  
Hovers and broods, an Evangel of Faith,  
Over the heart, that, though burdened with sorrow,  
Drinks deep of that hope as a balm-laden breath—  
A breath from the Infinite Islands of Light,  
Presaging the Sabbath that follows the night!

Saturday Night—and the toiling all over,  
Solace and quiet attend on the dawn;  
She may fold her worn hands, and her heart may  
recover

From the cark and the fret of the week that is gone:  
The work-a-day week, that has fallen to rest  
With the lilies of peace lying hushed on its breast!

Saturday Night! How the long moments dally—  
Hark! 'Tis the music she hungers to hear!  
The lithe, stalwart step, ringing swift through the alley—  
The voice that is Heaven thrills deep in her ear!  
And a hug and a kiss set her dreaming to flight  
With the one crowning gladness of "Saturday Night!"

WINWOOD WAITT.





## THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT.

### CHAPTER XXI.—A BLIND POOL.

TERRIBLE as was the fact, difficult as it was to realize, Violet was gone. She had left no word or trace behind further than a brief note, saying:

"Farewell, Walter. Don't seek me—you will be too late to save me. I'm not going to take my life—at least not now. Why I am throwing away my happiness I do not know any more than you."

Walter Rawson indulged in no hysterical manifestations of grief. He was almost physically prostrated by the shock, but he conquered his mental emotion in a few hours. When that conflict had terminated in his favor he recognized the import of Violet's conduct.

Fate had challenged him at last. Else why should his wife have deserted him? Not a reason existed. Now the conflict!

As soon as night fell he put on his hat and started out on one of the long and fatiguing walks he had been accustomed to take during his early struggles with Fate—when she appeared in the form of Fortune.

He walked far and rapidly. Without the slightest definite idea as to whither he was bound, Walter was recalled to himself by the chime of Trinity Church. Ah! how far the sound of those bells is heard! Sure enough, he had traversed Broadway, and from sheer force of habit had turned down Wall street into Broad. Then he looked around him. Who were these figures moving about from door to door in the moonlight? Had the Dutch burgomasters returned to the New Amsterdam of to-day—for surely it was they who sat on the stoops of the tall dark buildings and smoked their pipes so contentedly.

He had never seen Broad street by night. Where were all the callous, active men like himself? Another race was in possession—a population the very existence of which he had never suspected. The families of the janitors, descended to the door-steps, or, in some instances, to the front windows of the lower offices, were receiving and paying calls, and exchanging gossip with their neighbors. Young children were gathered in groups listening to stories from older ones. Further on a bevy of girls sauntered along, pouring their day's batch of secrets into each other's ears. And there were lovers, too—courtship, marriage, perdition. Ah! but Death came there, likewise. Now that he remembered it, Rawson had passed a priest on the stairs one afternoon. But funerals could only occur on Sunday, or after business hours. The priest! Yes, he had certainly seen him; but, filled as was his brain with

business, he had been heartless enough to suppose that the good man was slipping in to "take a flyer" in stocks. Could it be that these same halls and stairways, known to him only when filled with the bustling crowd, echoed at night to the tread of coffin-bearers and the sobs of the bereaved?

No street in America so full of life in daylight; none so lone and dismal after dark.

Here he was before the door of his own office. A voice saluted him respectfully:

"Why, Mr. Rawson, can this be you?"

"Yes, William," answered Walter, recognizing the face of his own janitor.

"Will you walk up-stairs, sir? It is quite an occasion with us."

"What, pray?"

"A wedding, sir. My daughter is about to be married. We're only waiting for the parson."

"I thank you, William; but I do not feel well. Please excuse me," said the broker, shuddering.

"It would be a great honor to us, and would make our Rose very happy. And George, too, her husband that is to be; don't you remember George?"

"George Cole?"

"The very same."

"I wish him every happiness; but I can't stop. I want to send a present to the bride." And Rawson drew a roll of bills from his pocket which he thrust into the old janitor's reluctant fingers. Then he hastened away homeward.

"Rose—another flower," he muttered, recalling Violet's name, as he stumbled aimlessly along. "Ah! but mine was a weed."

He stopped long enough at the general post-office to scribble the following note on a leaf of his memorandum-book, which he inclosed in an envelope and mailed to Cotton Mather.

"Violet has left me. I know not where she's gone. Fate has challenged me. With your aid I can go on—I can face it. If the offer made on the day of my father's burial holds good, I accept it, and thank you."

"Sincerely,

"WALTER."

At this hour of conflicting pride and dishonor, in which he chewed his heart as a cud, one name alone rose in his mind; he saw only one face that supplanted even in the slightest degree hers that was lost. She alone was left to him—his sister, Mootla. Recognition

came to him in all its fullness of the grief which she had endured—aye, had mastered. The weird symposiums they had held at "The Willows" and on the rocks at Nantasket! Was she not a student of Fate, a believer in Destiny, a reader of the stars? To her, then, his heart turned as to an all-potent amulet. For her he longed as the only companion for a misery like his.

Whence this fascination of Mootla? Was she really beautiful? Who knows? The secret of beauty is as hidden as the mystery of sin.

A writer, making a study for his heroine, watches her as affected by happiness or despair; he penetrates to her heart and studies her thoughts. She is never from his sight, and, if he would be truthful and accurate, he must paint her as she is. To alter the evidence or suppress traits that are prejudicial to her popularity is an act of bad faith.

The general opinion regarding Mootla was that she was a highly intellectual woman, of attractive manners—a woman who discountenanced social intimacy because it entailed a waste of time. Bereft of maternal care, she was womanly just to the amount that her nurse and governess had been able to dominate her mind. And that was very little. She had become her own mistress at so early an age that she had hardly felt the tender anxieties and girlish pride of maidenhood. She treated all humanity alike. Even all creation. The only tender spot in her nature was for mankind in distress. Irresolute and capricious as her nature made her appear to others, she certainly possessed the rare ability to discount and enter to future account every acquaintance of an hour's duration. Associated with each friendship was some possible subsequent situation in which he or she would serve. Therefore, she never forsook an acquaintance, once formed, and never regarded as lost one that abandoned her. Walter's carelessness in making enemies she regarded as the vulnerable point in his character—and she was right.

Though Mootla had outgrown the nervous distemper of her youth, she was at times physically weak to the verge of complete collapse. And yet, in more respects than one, she was an example of purpose as clearly defined, as logically pursued, and as firmly adhered to as though she had all the resources of the world's power at her command. When she decided upon anything, she already foresaw her design executed and its effect. This trait she possessed in even greater degree than Walter. Indeed, it was their only characteristic in common, this faculty of arriving at a conclusion, not by an exercise of reasoning, but by the rash, rare gift of presumptuous intuition. Seeing the completed work or act, the intermediary details and the generative cause arranged themselves in her imagination for inspection—acceptance or rejection. Thus she, unwittingly and after a fashion of her own not yet laid down in books, reasoned from future effect back to the about-to-be cause.

The strange, unaccountable conduct of Violet brings the figure of Mootla into the foreground again, for the receipt of Walter's letter at "The Willows" marked an epoch in the life of the indwellers there.

After some hesitation, Cotton Mather summoned Mootla to his room, and, with moistened eyes, took Walter's letter from his pocket and handed it to her. She read it carefully, and apparently without shock. After a moment's silence, she said:

"There can be no doubt as to my duty. This man is my brother. I shall go to him."

Thus it happened that Walter returned to his home late one afternoon about this time to find, amid the

gloomy half-light of his library, Mootla, seated on a low hassock by the side of the grate, with her hands firmly clenched over her knees. She was looking intently into the glowing embers, studying a picture she saw there.

When Walter's footfall was heard, she started to her feet, extended both hands, and the well-remembered voice said cheerily:

"I have come."

"You are welcome, Mootla."

They stood silently looking into each other's eyes for an instant.

"If I dared—," she half whispered. Irresolution, for once, overcame her. But she was soon mistress of herself, and, in an impulsive fashion that was entirely characteristic of her, she pulled Walter's face down to hers and kissed him. It was the act of an angel. Never was greeting more tender or womanly.

"My brother," she murmured.

"You know who you are?" he exclaimed.

"I do; else why should I be here?"

"True."

"Ah! Walter, what have you done?" said Mootla, in a changed tone, giving a startling turn to the conversation.

"I?"

"You have driven poor Violet out into the wide world—sinning and scorned."

"Why, girl. You don't know the facts," replied Walter, almost brusquely.

"Yes; I have read the history of Violet's married life here,"—looking about her—"in every piece of furniture, in every hanging curtain, in every article she has touched. Even in the coals have I seen her struggles against a misery from which one word in time, spoken by you, would have saved her. No, no; your life has been all wrong."

"Are you deranged, Mootla?" asked Walter, almost frightened by the imprecations thus calmly heaped upon his head.

"I am only sad, heart-broken, that a love like hers and yours should have ruined itself." \*

"You never knew Violet."

"True; but I have learned here, to-day, that the air she has breathed was far too rarified for the sustenance of a pure and luxurious love."

"You are cruel, Mootla."

"But you deserve all I say to you."

"Why add to my misery?"

"Because when you fathom its full depth you will be more valiant to master it."

"But how can I save her now, even granting what you say?" he said slowly, overcoming a choking sensation in his throat.

"Too late. She is lost."

"But she may have repented, ere this."

"To pardon her is to be despised of mankind."

"The reproaches of society have no terrors for me."

"Every act of yours will be further humiliation to Violet, and she suffers enough, now, I'll be bound."

"She must never want, Mootla. Violet has been too precious to me. I will not abandon her."

Mootla looked at him. Her eyes beamed with tenderness, but her voice was harsh.

"You don't owe the world anything—at least, not enough for that sacrifice," she said.

"I don't understand."

"You don't? Haven't you comprehended that your social position is gone?"

"Yes."

"Then you must trample on the neck of society, or it will mock you, and pretend a sympathy that is secret exultation. No, you have made too many enemies to be magnanimous."

A moment before, looking at life selfishly, it had seemed to Walter that society owed him everything—even sympathy and forgetfulness. Now he saw how hollow and baseless was his claim. He buried his face in his hands and muttered:

"The taint of avarice has poisoned my happiness."

Mootla withdrew to another part of the room, and left him alone with his thoughts. Walter rapidly evolved in his mind a plan by which Violet should be secured against privation in the bitter days of her future. He hoped to save her from the final consequences of her rash and hasty act, to shield her from those ever-present spectres hovering over every forsaken and homeless woman—the public hospital and the dissecting table. He wanted her to stop where she was, not to sink into the slums. He fully understood that he alone stood between her and utter earthly degradation. That the Vreeland family would renounce her he knew already; that Belwar would soon abandon her to the downward path was not less certain. Poor Violet, what was to become of her?

These reveries were checked by the street bell.

"I forgot to say that your uncle came with me," explained Mootla. "He sent me up in a cab, as he had business to finish down town. Perhaps this is he."

Walter stepped into the hall as the butler sprang the oak.

Cotton Mather's face was wreathed in smiles. He was two hundred weight of good nature. Shaking Walter's hand warmly, he said:

"I'm here, my boy; at your service to the end."

"I welcome you to my heart."

The grand old man threw off his coat and hung up his hat with all the earnestness of a person who had never done anything else. He then asked for a glass of brandy and water, walked into the dining-room, waited until the decanter was placed before him, helped himself sparingly, and then carefully seated himself in an easy chair.

A general conversation about "The Willows," the condition of Boston trade, and the health of Mootla's pets filled the time until dinner was announced.

The table was circular. Violet's place was abolished already.

After the coffee was served, the two men adjourned to the smoking-room, upstairs, to consider the situation. Curiously enough, their first act after the door was closed was to shake hands again. Then Cotton Mather, to make the situation easier for his companion, led off the conference thus:

"We can be of infinite use, one to the other."

"I fully recognize that fact," answered Walter, heartily. "Let me tell you what I have set out to do," and the young man then ran briefly over the plans by which he hoped in twenty years to accumulate half a billion of money, the sources from which it was to be drawn, who were to be impoverished and who benefited. He sketched out the rise of the Political Estate, and calmly described its methods of money-getting.

It was a strange and intensely fascinating revelation to Cotton Mather, supplementing, as it did, many of his own conclusions, reached from a widely different starting point. He was greatly agitated as he sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"Laurel Hill! I have arranged to settle an account

of my own with the professional politicians. You take the nabobs, the retired army contractors, the railroad sharks, but promise me one thing——"

"Certainly; anything."

"Leave the professional politician to me. He's my mutton. Just listen to what I have already arranged to do."

And the enthusiastic old man unfolded the vision from Egypt, introducing "the cat of Pharaoh," with much unconscious dramatic effect.

"The scheme's a good one, so far as the gratification of your just hatred goes; but I see one serious objection."

"What is it?" demanded Cotton Mather, almost abruptly, standing still, with a hand raised for another gesture, in his wild harangue.

"It won't pay. It's a losing game," said Walter, with provoking calmness.

"Fudge! What do I care?"

"But can't we hatch a scheme that will both destroy the game and secure the hide?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"I think we can."

"There's no objection to that amendment, provided I get what I want," to borrow their own language," rejoined Cotton Mather, chuckling over his memories of Washington cloak-room confidences. Rawson continued:

"All my plans have been laid with the definite purpose of 'scalping' somebody. It is the easiest and squarest method of dealing between man and man. All trade is a swindle. Commerce consists in selling things for more than you pay for them, and to people who don't especially need them. Whether the purchaser wants the goods or not, he or the next buyer takes the loss. The man who sells potatoes to my cook knows that I have to take the loss of their consumption. Trade is a swindle; I repeat it. The secret of success in it is to find a customer, or many of them."

"Why, I never looked at it just that way," muttered the merchant.

"Only because you haven't given the subject adequate consideration. You are too sensitive about other people's feelings. Does the world care anything for your misfortunes? Not a particle. Let us 'go for' them all, bald-headed."

"But to be effective we must join interests."

"Wrong again. To crush all obstacles we must be our own rivals."

"I don't understand," stammered the old man, seeing that he had roused the younger, and that Walter had plunged into water in which he could hardly follow him.

"We must be open enemies to the world," continued Walter, speaking rapidly. "We'll unite our capital, our hatreds, and our hearts; but we must not even bow to each other in public. We must keep apart."

"That's a great sacrifice, my dear boy, for I love you fondly."

"Say the word, then, and I surrender all the scheme. If we go into any blind pool it must be on those terms."

Walter walked about the room. In his present mood he was a splendid specimen of directing genius. His mind already grasped every detail of a financial combination that could shake the commercial world. He molded the more than ordinary mind of his companion as though it had been wax. Already the older man saw that he had roused a spirit he could not control. Walter assumed leadership as naturally as a bird soars



skyward. He was imperious only in language; in manner he was courteous and respectful. The old merchant was in a brown study. He had found his nephew only to lose him. He had himself suggested the very means of separating them. What should he do? Walter settled the quandary for him.

"You have already realized on most of your property?"

"Yes; I have five millions in twenty banks ready for the work. I have as much more in lands and bonds."

"A ten million pool, then. So be it. I'll come in. Five a-piece. Is it a go?"

"It is."

"Then we have one common object in life—the Rawson family against the world."

The two men fell into each other's arms, and stood for fully a minute patting each other on the back.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### IN A TIGHT PLACE.

As if Walter Rawson had not seen trouble enough already, the financial and political skies suddenly became black as ink. Every member of the Cyclops cabal, except its leader, was in dismay.

"The Barnwell Board" of Directors, as this committee was called, were no sooner seated than the English stockholders of the Dawn and Sunset united to defeat the order of sale to Rawson. They were clamorous for the restoration of the road to its original owners. While openly opposing this agitation, Walter Rawson secretly encouraged it. His agents circulated the most scandalous rumors against the board of his own creation. He finally induced Sir Matthew Halifax to begin legal proceedings in the British interests.

The greatest firm of railroad lawyers in the world were retained by Sir Matthew. Dunbar & Jones grasped the situation and crushed the upstart management. Within six weeks, owing to a liberal use of the Atlantic cable, the lease by the Cyclops Company of the Dawn and Sunset line was pronounced illegal and void. Rawson was out of the leased line's stock—"short" of it many thousand shares—though a few hundred stood on the books in his name. Here was another see-saw. Cyclops "relieved of an odious burden," began to climb toward higher prices. The Dawn and Sunset was adjudged bankrupt, and on application of Sir Matthew Halifax, the court appointed Judge Goshock sole receiver.

This man, whose name was afterward indissolubly linked with the history of this country as the fourth member of a political quadrilateral which had given its name to all succeeding conspiracies of the kind, was at that hour comparatively unknown. From the first letters of these men's names was coined a new word, now a part of all shady commercial dealings—Rawson, Ixbars, Nogood, Goshock—R-I-N-G.

Politically, this cabal goes down in history as "The Nogood Ring" when the man whose name it takes was the least brilliant or shrewd of the four.

"Judge" Goshock never had studied any law. He had obtained a diploma through political influence, and was a Bachelor of Laws, according to the parchment. A nominating convention and the fidelity of the inspectors of election had made him a police justice. It is due to the accuracy of history to say that he filled the office satisfactorily. His findings were never overruled, because he remembered so well the only code of procedure he had ever studied and "when in doubt"

regarding the guilt or innocence of a prisoner, he "took the trick," as it were, by discharging the man.

"Judge" Goshock employed the "rebates" of the office to speculate in stocks under the advice of Walter Rawson. The latter had recognized the man's value, under many possible and probable circumstances, and Goshock had been encouraged with a glimpse of the border lands of wealth.

Properly advised as he was, it will be readily understood that "Judge" Goshock lost very little time in effecting a re-lease of the Dawn and Sunset Railway and all its properties to the great Cyclops Company. The terms were much more favorable than those formerly obtained, and appeared on their face very satisfactory to the leased company.

This, Walter Rawson hoped, would crush the movement against him in England, but he was mistaken. The British stockholders of the Dawn and Sunset were in earnest. They met at Cannon Street Station, London, organized, subscribed fifty thousand pounds for expenses, and appointed a committee for the campaign. So it was that this agitation, started by Walter Rawson as a speculative job, crystalized into the most dangerous realism he ever had to face.

Casting about for strong parties who would join interests with them, the British committee found that the stockholders of the Alaska and Patagonia Railway were smarting under a grievance similar to theirs. This latter road—though it carried the names of the farthermost confines of the Western hemisphere—was less than two hundred miles long. It traversed a rich mineral region which had been expected to supply fabulous tonnage to the Cyclops system; but by clever management quite like that accorded to the trunk line, this valuable feeder had been brought under complete subjection by Rawson and Ixbars. Its honest but inefficient directors had been gradually but persistently supplanted by creatures of the Cyclops ring. From a regular dividend-paying road the Alaska and Patagonia had become one of the most unsalable stocks on the Exchange—owing to the popular distrust of its management.

It was clearly the purpose of the Cyclops cabal to have the road declared insolvent by one of its hired judges, and placed in the hands of one of the ring's professional receivers. What made this evident was the sudden retirement of the Honorable John Sandown, of Albany, from the directory of the company and the prompt election of Nogood to fill the vacancy. This act evoked such a storm of condemnation from the public and the newspapers that the step was regretted by Rawson and Ixbars. Nogood could not be expected to withdraw; he was made of tough material and liked a fight.

Here providence (with a small letter) came to the aid of Walter Rawson, who was in a serious state of perplexity.

By an unexpected coincidence, on the identical night on which the moon looked reddest, Nogood was formally arrested on a charge of robbing the people of New York. The arrest was trifling enough in itself—for the accused furnished ten times the amount of bail asked—but it was memorable, for it offered occasion for Nogood to give the world his famous epigram:

"What are ye goin' to do 'bout it?"

The benefit of Nogood's arrest was that it diverted public attention for the moment from the Cyclops conspirators.

Nogood said to his coadjutors, political and social:

"Don't worry. We elected the Governor of this state

only a few weeks ago. There's no reason why any of us should go to jail. I—guess not."

A merciful Providence (this time with a capital letter) kept from their knowledge that the members of the Assembly into whose pockets so many thousands of the city's dollars had been diverted, and the governor, whom this cabal had counted in, were already in the pay of the enemy. Had this been known, however, men of the cabal would have snapped their fingers and said:

"We own the judiciary, and can buy all the juries in Christendom."

Walter Rawson feared a union of all his enemies. While they were divided, he could crush them in turn; but, united, the opposition would, indeed, be formidable. He was pre-eminently the man for the hour. By a sweep of his pen, he announced the resignation of Nogood and Goshock from the Cyclops directory, and that President Panama, of the Alaska and Patagonia corporation, and another prominent official of that road would at once accept the vacant positions. To compel Panama's obedience, Rawson began suits against him, as the president of the Alaska and Patagonia road, for monies alleged to be due under the lease to the Cyclops system. President Panama squirmed and temporized, to gain time; but Rawson, having a shadow of a case against this road, had the date of trial rapidly advanced by the judges in his pay and was confident of complete success.

Panama's hesitation was due to a knowledge of the growing strength of the British combination, headed by General Worden, a bold, dashing and unscrupulous member of the Political Estate, snugly ensconced in Europe, who had been hired to conduct the engagement against the Cyclops management. Worden had succeeded in organizing an attack that included every stockholder who was opposed to the Rawson régime. The Cyclops, and Dawn and Sunset rebels had all united and the assistance of the Alaska and Patagonia opponents of the cabal was greatly desired.

Panama, therefore, had no difficulty in making his own terms with Worden's personal representative on this side of the ocean; he was assured that the real owners of the Cyclops system would, in return for his fidelity, wipe off all scores against his company, and would fix a satisfactory freight rate. Within a few hours President Panama rallied about him a majority of his board, and by his personal influence, without acquainting them with the pledges he had received, induced their solemn pledges of fidelity.

There were now three distinct elements in the anti-Rawson combination, but all were thoroughly joined in interest. General Worden's appearance in New York was felt to be enough to unite them all under his leadership.

Rawson's final extinction seemed close at hand. The entire strength of the Political Estate (saving the few members whom he had involved in his own net) were arrayed against him. How to beat them was the problem. Borrowing one of their own favorite expressions, so often uttered during "the storm and stress" period in which the Estate rose, he said to himself:

"I'll 'copper' their game. I'll play to lose."

Resolute and courageous as he was, the loss of Violet haunted his mind constantly. He opened an account in her name at an up-town bank. He forgave and pitied her.

It was never satisfactorily explained why Violet Rawson took the terrible step of leaving her husband for a man she really did not love. The probability

is that two influences suddenly and unexpectedly coming into conjunction induced the act. Hers, certainly, was not a deliberate flight; but, rather, a surrender to an impulse. It was an emotional crime, like that one in the carpenter's shop. By nature and training Violet was intensely vain and selfish. With the misleading avowal from her husband that he had lost his wealth, Violet beheld herself cast out of the social circle in which was all of life that appeared to her worth enjoying. To be dropped from the visiting lists on which her name stood, and, worse still, to take "the cut direct" from old acquaintances, on the street and in the Park, seemed to her the lowest degradation. She shrunk from such a future in terror, and, believing what Belwar told about Mrs. Gunwale's determination, she took the wild, irrevocable step.

Mootla's explanation was the only philosophical one.

"Violet acted wholly on impulse," said she to Cotton Mather. "I am sure of that. It was a case of panic in which her conscience was stampeded by the sudden terror of detection in falsehood and duplicity. It was the simultaneous fact—a coincidence of several crises, always dangerous."

Oliver Belwar did not make any secret of his motives in destroying Rawson's social happiness. He boasted, one night at the Full Moon Club, at a champagne supper, that he had revenged himself on every man who had wronged him.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### THOUSANDS FOR AN INCH OF TIME.

THE gathering storm was evident to all eyes. But the defense was thoroughly organized, and Rawson felt himself equal to all his foes.

Though credited with impulsiveness, Walter never acted without deliberation. One secret of his marvelous success was the careful study of prospective results from certain or possible causes. A curious trait of this remarkable man's character may be mentioned here. In his leisure moments his mind employed and interested itself by establishing a defense or an alibi, for use in every conceivable emergency. For example, as he explained one night to Cotton Mather: "My mind asks the question, 'Suppose the Cyclops building caught fire some night when I was its only occupant. What would be my defence if indicted for arson?' Or, 'Suppose I were to be arrested for an assault committed last evening at 9 o'clock in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, could I prove that I was at the Juniper Club?'"

This idiosyncrasy which Rawson fully recognized but did not struggle against, begot in him what passed for wonderful foresight. The mental interrogatories were merely varied to: "If I bring about a disagreement with various co-operating roads, so that the Cyclops cannot do a through Western business, will not its stock be a good 'short' sale?" "Granted that I am regarded as a bad manager or a rascal, will not the Cyclops stock greatly advance in price when I leave it?" And out of this theorizing grew the novel but successful policy of life which his great wealth enabled him to follow—with success.

In the midst of this impending trouble, Walter Rawson was one day summoned to Crummet by the dangerous illness of his mother. Wilder Joy, his private secretary, declared that his absence during such a crisis would be very indiscreet; but the call to his mother's bedside could not be disregarded. Walter decided to go at once.

He left the Cyclops building after dark and reached

his old home by a night train. He found his mother unconscious. She had had a stroke of paralysis.

For two days he sat constantly by her side, and did everything in the power of a son to minister to the sick woman's wants.

Then it was he fully realized the ineffable delights of a life free from care, apart from the crowd—the peace, the purity of a region where fraud and malice enter not.

Such thoughts as these were passing through his mind as he sat in the dusk of evening by his mother's couch. She was sleeping calmly, and fear of immediate danger was past. A quick footstep was heard on the gravel walk leading to the stile that gave access to a shorter road to the boat-landing and railroad station than that through the main gateway. Evidently the visitor was not a stranger. Rawson rose hastily and stepped noiselessly into the hall. There he confronted his secretary, who, out of breath with running, asked abruptly:

"Why do you not return?"

"Return?" asked Rawson, curiously.

"Yes. I have telegraphed you every hour since nine o'clock, and in every conceivable way—by the cipher and by half a dozen other methods."

"What's the matter?"

"The assault will be made on the Cyclops building at midnight. The differences you've kept open have all been settled. The opposition is a unit."

"Who is your authority?"

"Judge Latchall—"

"Who acts for the British contingent?"

"The same."

"Very well" (drawing his watch). "Eight o'clock. We shall receive them."

"No train till ten."

"We must go earlier," muttered Walter to himself, as he stepped back into the hall and seized his overcoat and hat. Then he sprang lightly up-stairs, kissed the ashen-hued face of his mother, and slipped out of the room.

A man is never wholly bad who loves his mother.

A small engine-house stood just below the railroad station, in which a passenger locomotive or two were generally laid up for repairs. Toward this building Walter rapidly hastened, followed by his bewildered secretary.

At the turn-table, in front of the house, stood Bowcher, now a superannuated engineer. Walter knew him at sight. He clutched him by the arm. The startled man shook himself loose; but Rawson explained who he was in a few words, and declared that his fortune depended on going to New York at once. He then asked:

"Have you an engine there?" pointing toward the round-house.

"The Corneel Nepos."

"Is she fast?"

"She can do the distance in two hours," and the old engineer drew himself up to his full height.

"Get her out at once. I'll have orders from the president by the time steam's up. Five hundred dollars for you if I'm in New York before eleven!"

The old man was young again! He entered the round-house at a bound, engaged a fireman from among the oilers and wipers about the place. Fortunately, the Nepos had been out on the road during the day and the water in her boiler was still warm. With his own hands the old engineer tossed in the pitched kindlings, applied a match, and soon had a roaring fire. Then he descended from the cab, lamp in hand, and carefully

looked over the entire engine, tightening a nut here or loosening another there. The moment the gauge showed steam enough, the Nepos was run out of the house.

Meanwhile Walter stepped into the telegraph office. Knowing that there was no time to communicate with the president of the road he issued an order to keep the track clear, and signed it with his own all-potent name. All station agents down the line had notice that a "special" train followed the Pacific express as far as Mallory's landing, where it would overtake and pass it.

An empty baggage car stood on a siding, and the engineer having quickly made fast to it, pulled out on the main track to New York. Wilder Joy, Rawson's private secretary, seated himself on a bench in the car, lighted by a lantern swinging from its roof.

The train moved off. At a word from Bowcher the fireman took a bit of copper wire out of the tool-box and fastened down the safety-valve. Then he began to cram the firebox.

At the front door of the car stood Walter Rawson, watching every movement in the cab.

The Nepos must warm to her work. There was a jerk as the train rounded the first curve and passed the main street of the village leading down to the pier. Then, with his teeth set, the engineer threw the lever forward, opened all the draughts, closed the cylinder cocks, and pulled the throttle clear out. Away into the night the Nepos rushed, having a straight and level stretch of road for five miles ahead.

"Coal! Chock'er," was the engineer's constant command to his stoker.

The old Nepos slowly made steam.

Bowcher watched the clock carefully. The engine was not thoroughly alive yet; she jumped and pounded the rails too much.

Around a sharp curve, swaying frightfully, the Nepos rushed. Emerging into the open, a red light appeared in front on the left. It was impossible to stop. Let an engine-driver describe his feelings at such a moment. He had only time to shut down and reverse before the Nepos rushed past a small house close to the track, at whose lighted window was a red curtain—the terrible signal of danger. Bowcher didn't smile away his fright. He threw the lever clear forward and opened the throttle, wide.

He sounded the whistle as they plunged into the mouth of a tunnel. The infernal glare against the dank walls from the roaring furnace's mouth, the crash of the wheels and swaying of the monster of steel and fire—like swinging on the hinges to the gate of hell!

Out into the starlight again and a level stretch ahead. The track crossed a lagoon, at the end of which stood a village with many lights. Far away, these glowing spots spun slowly round, as in a circle, always moving outward according to the rules of perspective; nearer at hand, a lesser circle carried the yellow lights upon its rim slowly inward toward the train.

Below the town the rails came to an end, or seemed to. Here was the sharpest curve on the road, but it was passed in safety and a deep rock cut charged. How putrid the yellowish-green stone walls! Another mile-post, and just beyond, the unholy fumes of a great iron furnace with pillars of flame topping its tall cupolas; then into a stretch of straight track, which roused the Nepos to a frenzy of glee. A shriek of the whistle as the engine plunged past a large station. The rows of lamps were alone discernable. Poughkeepsie!—seventy-five miles to New York.

The Nepos was now doing a mile a minute. Swinging



heavily, she sprang across a causeway—the river, dark and sullen, on the right, and a stagnant pond on the shoreward side. The Nepos was beating her record. The inside door of the furnace was white hot.

In a deep cut, whence the rails led, a dark object was descried across the track. A man! Bowcher shuddered. Another human life. Some drivers turn gray when made executioners. He shut off steam. Too late. A flash of the head-light! Not a man, only a fragment of the rocky ledge from the height above. Bowcher knew its composition, though not a geologist. God had doubly spared him. The stone was rotten, as a shower of pieces that shattered all the glass in the cab attested. These, the Break Neck Hills, below which, as a whirlwind, an express passed northward on the up-track.

"Shake your grate bars," ordered Bowcher, cool and grim.

Onward, as the Hudson water runs. The head-light was burning low, but the driver sprang out upon the narrow footpath and turned it higher. He was back in half a minute.

Danger ahead now at every curve, for the night express was not far in front.

Meanwhile the locomotive clove St. Anthony's Nose, and soon left the Highlands behind. The next curve revealed the train they pursued. There it stood to the right, on a siding. Fast, O glowing Nepos! Only a confused glimmer of lighted car windows, a stratum of warmed air, and darkness swallowed the flying "special" again. Just opposite the grim Franciscan convent, a mile below, the Chicago express, on the up-track, hailed the wanderer with a shriek, and passed, like a hurricane. Ten miles of clear road now, at least. Unwilling to endanger his stoker's life, Bowcher went forward and oiled the piston-rods.

In the stretch below Croton, water was taken from the track-trough. The spray drenched the resolute man at the car door, but not a feature of his face quivered.

Across a stretch of bay, the engineer saw the lamps at Sing Sing, and the white light of an engine standing on the down track. He called to Rawson, who sprang over the tender and joined him. Bowcher exclaimed, pointing ahead:

"Something's wrong with the express. There's a relief waiting its arrival."

"How 'll we get by?" asked the passenger, comprehending the situation clearly.

"We must take that engine, and leave ours."

"Certainly."

"Have you the nerve?"

"Try me."

The Nepos was stopped within a few feet of the waiting locomotive.

"Follow me," said Bowcher, as he sprang out of his own cab, and into that of the engine ahead.

The driver was sitting on his bunk eating supper. Bowcher almost hustled him off.

"Take the Nepos, coal her, and bring down the express. This gentleman goes through ahead of all trains."

He nodded toward Walter Rawson, who had already ensconced himself in the seat on the stoker's side. Bowcher seized the lever, and the Baron Steuben moved off without her rightful driver.

Not until fairly under way did Rawson remember that his secretary, Wilder Joy, had been left asleep in the baggage car behind the Nepos.

Unacquainted with the Baron Steuben, Bowcher

made a series of hasty but exhaustive experiments. He tried all the gauges; then the damper. Steam only 105!

"Heat her," he shouted, as the engine emerged from the tunnel under Sing Sing prison, and upon the graceful curve that sweeps shoreward past the country house of a President of this nation. Next the village of Tarrytown. It was only ten o'clock, but a high rate of speed was no longer possible, because of numerous local trains on this section, with whose movements as "extra man" from up the road he was unacquainted.

Working safely down to Spuyten Duyvel, thence across the bridge to Manhattan Island, and along the dark shadow of Fort Washington, spurts of speed were made only where the track was visible some distance ahead. Finally, the avenue, with its lighted taverns and shops was reached. Thence across toward the Thirtieth Street station, among a wilderness of lights, the Baron Steuben moved.

At Tenth Avenue, Walter sprang from the cab of the yet moving engine, and, running to the front of the station, secured a coupé. Five minutes later, he was set down at the door of a house adjacent to the Cyclops building, on a side street. Entering with a latch-key, he reached the president's room by a route known only to himself and Ixbars.

Awaiting him he found his faithful lieutenant, who had taken every precaution in his power to prepare for the expected assault. Rawson saw, in walking about the building, that he had not returned a moment too soon. Treason was already plotting within the barred doors. In the twinkling of an eye his presence inspired fidelity. He was distrustful of the motley crowd of men that Ixbars had gathered from the train-gangs and workshops of the Cyclops road. In most cases this was their first visit to the city, and they were bent on a debauch. Ixbars informed Rawson that they were all armed, and it required only a glance to detect that they were nearly all drunk. A dangerous element, surely; perilous to friend and foe. But Ixbars understood them, or thought he did. Was he not the child of the people? Rawson was not reassured, though these specimens of the public cheered to the echo when Ixbars waved his hand and said:

"Behold my gallant three hundred!"

Not since the intrusion of the mob into the palace of Versailles has such a spectacle been witnessed. Sleeping on the cloth-covered tables and desks, sprawling on the ebony chairs, lounging on the satin upholstered sofas, were the men of the multitude—the proletariat. Their clothes reeked with the grease of the round-houses and the soot of the forges, and the air from their lungs was tainted with the odors of rum and bad tobacco. They passed that memorable night in a carouse.

An attempt was made, as had been predicted, to force the doors; but the entrances to the building were found barricaded and defended by a gang of desperadoes. That the dangers of an assault upon the fortress might be fully understood, a few rounds of blank cartridge were fired from the upper windows over the heads of the throng in the street. The storming party had threatened to carry the place at the pistol's muzzle, if need be, but it was not prepared to find the defence ready for a deadly encounter.

A proposition for a truce and for a parley on the following afternoon was received from the besiegers about daylight. Rawson welcomed it as relieving the suspense of the hour. He retired to his private office to snatch a few minutes of sleep.

At the sight of his secretary's desk he recalled Wilder Joy's abandonment on the railroad. He regretted it, because a less faithful man might not forgive such treatment. Joy's fidelity, however, he did not doubt—a confidence he was doomed to see rewarded after the manner of the world. Joy did not reappear at his post. He went over to the enemy—secrets and soul. He sold the valuable information he possessed to Worden at a high price.

But the truce of a day strung out into weeks.

Pending the resumption of hostilities, a marriage ceremony occurred at "The Willows." Mootla became Mrs. John Burnaby. It did not surprise Walter Rawson, though he had not been entrusted with the secret by Mootla until a week before the event. He was not present, but sent a gift worth a small fortune.

The ceremony was performed by the most conspicuous parson of New England—a bright, ambitious young bachelor. He addressed, every Sunday, a congregation of one thousand pretty women who worshiped in a charming Gothic bird-cage that cost a million of money to rear.

After the wedding dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby drove into Boston and to the wharf at which lay their beautiful steam yacht, the *Calypso*. Everything was ready for the voyage, and the moment Burnaby touched the deck he gave the command to "cast off." The *Calypso* put to sea at once on a wedding journey that included several ports in the West Indies and a brief stay at Nassau, in the Bahamas.

Thus happily began the married life of Jack and Mootla.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SOLITARY, UNDER THE SUN.

DARK night has come, and he is all alone.  
Without, the winds, with many a sigh and moan,  
Blow from the sea that breaks upon the shore,  
And fills the shadows with remittent roar.  
Alone to ponder on the vanished past,  
To wonder what will be the end at last;  
To count the links of Friendship's shattered chain,  
Recall old memories of joy and pain;  
To dwell on Love, as 'twere the fullest sum  
Of earthly bliss—a sane delirium;  
On love in absence, as it were a cross,  
A pain at heart of loneliness and loss;  
To look into his life and count what worth  
Are all the gains won, since upon the earth,  
The little orbit of his lot by Fate  
Was cast so widely from the wise and great;  
And by necessity so well hedged in—  
Made so familiar with the daily din,  
The clash and clangor of this iron age,  
The common strife and turmoil that engage  
So many souls, that it were vain to grant  
To him permission as participant  
In such delights as culture and romance  
The heart may soften and the mind entrance.

Yet there so oft has he in silence sat  
And listened to sweet mystic voices, that  
Now at the last the currents of his blood  
Run counter to their customary flood  
With hot disturbance; and his lonely heart,  
Caught by an impulse bearing it apart,  
Distant and strange, away from his control,  
Wakens this love-song in his hungry soul:

### I.

Behold! O mystery of life and death,  
O Fate, that all things human compasseth,  
That foldeth heart-beat and our every breath  
Within thy fold,

Behold, I pray, and waft across the sea  
Assurance that alone shall comfort me—  
The tidings true that would far dearer be  
Than wealth untold.

### II.

Hasteth my dear one to her tropic nest?  
Shares her fond heart the burden of unrest,

With which mine own is evermore oppress,  
When she is gone?  
Will her dear feet soon press this summer shore,  
And will the touches of her hand once more,  
Her smile and voice console me as of yore,  
In love's fair dawn?

### III.

I *know* she comes! Unless, unless the snows  
Have spread o'er her their mantle of repose!  
Ah, heart of mine, forecast the bitter woes  
So surely thine!  
If this should be! But no. I will not grant  
A fear so direful should my spirit haunt.  
Hope shall befriend me and shall sweetly chant  
Her lay divine.

### IV.

So sure it seems that this great happiness  
Will soon be mine, my darling to caress,  
Gaze in her eyes, and to my bosom press  
Her form so fair  
That I have told the secret to the flowers;  
And now, in unison, we count the hours,  
Ere with red roses from their fragrant bowers  
I'll deck her hair.

### V.

It is no longer gone than yesterday,  
A graceful bamboo bent its head o'er me,  
Reclining by my glorious blue sea—  
Blue sky above—  
And nodding "yes" to all my questionings,  
Gave the sweet promise, that with snowy wings  
Spread to the gales, e'en now the swift ship brings  
My dearest love.

### VI.

My heart is full of her! When I awake,  
The doves are cooing for her dear love's sake.  
The palms are waving and the foam-crests break  
Along the shore.  
The warm winds whisper lovingly of her,  
When in the dreamy air they are astir;  
O, she shall be my only comforter  
For evermore!

TRACY ROBINSON.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

### Hot Weather Hints.

WITH June came a torrid week in which the mercury sported gaily among the nineties, and perspiring humanity devoted itself to keeping cool. The process varied with the nationality, and the methods of two individuals were matters of close observation; the one a bulky German, the proprietor of a small restaurant, the other a wiry and nervous American, whose drug-store was next door to the restaurant, both being in full range from the editorial windows. The American armed himself with two palm leaf fans, each worked with fury, and dropped at intervals to mop off the results of such exertion. His sleeves were pushed up; his vest and neck-tie abandoned, and at stated intervals the boy at the soda fountain handed him glasses filled with such form of fizz as seemed good for the moment. Flushed and damp he fought the heat, from hour to hour, dividing his spare time between the thermometer and the soda fountain, and in a state of effervescent irritability that reacted on whoever came near him.

The German neighbor, more phlegmatic but no wiser, gave himself up to the same battle. He did not fan, for he had not time, but he stationed himself as near the open door as the needs of his customers would permit, rolled up his sleeves and put his coat under the counter, gave himself thereafter to the congenial labor of absorbing schooner after schooner of the lager it was his business to dispense. Of how many a horn went into that phenomenally capacious stomach there is no record, but at any failure of the proper degree of receptivity, a small fish-ball, a bit of herring or Limburger, soon roused the paralyzed palate and allowed the work to go on. The tailor on the other side had no lager bier keg or soda fountain at his disposal, but he did have an ice-water tank, drawn upon hour by hour and filled as soon as empty, and all day long, from the lemonade man at the corner to the wandering dealer in penny glasses of ice-cream, the army of workers coming and going, drank and drank and drank again. Whatever the profession or occupation, no stress of work hindered this periodical rush for something cooling, and there was matter for wonder, not at the scanty amount of the city water supply but that any supply whatever remained.

The thousands who, in the morning, poured in from Jersey or Long Island, to pour back again in the evening, came from breakfasts of beefsteak or bacon, or meat in some form, and returned to more meat in roast or stew for dinner, having, very probably, chosen the same article for the mid-day meal. Each one of these men, and equally each one of the women who catered for them, would have been horrified at the suggestion of starting the furnace fires again, or of sitting by the kitchen range, by way of keeping cool. Yet both these methods are quite as rational as keeping up the winter diet, with small variation, save in the substitution of fresh fruits and vegetables for canned or preserved ones. Rich and highly-seasoned soups, meats of every variety, fats in excess, and heating foods of every description, have their place in winter, when keen cold demands concentrated and plentiful nourishment, to insure against its effects. With summer, nourishment is equally important, but may be found in just as thorough degree in fruits, milk, and eggs, grains and vegetables. The supply can be less, and to eat lightly, and drink as little as possible, will be found the surest method of keeping the fires low, and bearing any degree of heat that this climate of extremes may bring.

The ice-water we crave creates rather than satisfies thirst. The stomach is conservative, and will keep at its normal temperature no matter what amount of iciness

may be poured in. There is positive muscular effort to get rid of the unnatural intruder, which is absorbed as fast as the small vessels can work, and thus results fresh heat, and "I'm so dry!" is very literally the fact. Drink very moderately, rinse your mouth often, and pour water on the wrists rather than down the throat.

As to lager and the various "mixed drinks" dear to the American palate, they are simply, no matter how iced, liquid caloric. Alcohol under any and every condition is heating, and not mint, nor lemon, nor strawberry is potent enough to neutralize this power. Cold drinks, however grateful, are not cooling, and the man or woman who takes them most often is likely to most feel the heat.

Moderation in every point is the only rule for these fierce heats, that even in September are hardly willing to relax their hold. Hurry, the besetting American sin, must be dropped. There is no reason why the man should rush for his train, or plunge for the ferry-boat or for the horse-car. Move slowly. Be one of the followers of that sensible fashion of carrying sun umbrellas. Trust to the Signal Service men for a report of the heat, and avoid thermometers. Never join the multitude who are wildly "trying to keep cool," but follow the prescription just given, and keeping cool will be accomplished without trying.

### Women at Work.

"OUT of sight, out of mind," has been the portion of one of the most untiring workers of the day, in a field the chief harvest of which is credited to Hampton. With no desire to take away one iota of this credit, nobly earned and richly deserved, it is certain that a work no less important, though on a smaller scale, has been done by a woman who began fifteen years ago, and then as now, had few resources beyond her own big brain, brave heart and strong hands. That the daughter of Myron Holley should, when the need of work as an Abolitionist ended, continue her office for the Freedmen, was naturally to be expected. Bitterly opposed by the whites, who in the first year of such work, found it impossible to understand the motives or purpose of the woman who renounced every delight of social life among her own kind, she is now as heartily respected, and the whole region about owns her influence and has advanced steadily under it. It is Lottsburg, Northumberland County, Virginia, "remote, unfriended," and to the casual observer most certainly, "melancholy, slow," to which Sarah Holley has given years of constant trial. With the scantiest resources she has made no appeal for aid. Personal friends have known her work and aided her now and then, but there are no fine buildings—no pretensions of any sort. From her own incessant labor the people to whom she has given herself, have learned thrift, economy and cleanliness, alien virtues, but made their own by her indomitable will and persistence. Every inch of the three acres about her little unpainted house, tinted now by time, and covered with vines, has known her busy hands and working brain, and has been made a miracle of productiveness.

"Do not forget," writes an old friend, herself one of that early band of Abolitionists—"this untiring, hard-working woman, who has created this lovely spot of verdure and is transforming to light and beauty an ignorant race and no less elevating another race long blinded by prejudice and that worst and most incurable poverty, poverty of soul. She lives a life of self-denying trial, pathetic to behold; of unwearied activity—of perpetual teaching, and some day she will suddenly succumb."

Do not forget her. Books for the little library, papers and magazines for the reading-room, anything that it



would be worth while to give to Hampton, with its countless friends, it is much more worth while to give to the school at Lottsburg, which is just as truly a power, and the purpose of which is even more single and steady, its founder shrinking from all public recognition, and denying strenuously that she deserves either credit or reward.

The popular notion that women editors or journalists are all large-boned, loud-voiced, strong-minded, and generally unpleasant specimens, would be routed once for all, could the public be shown a gathering made up of these objectionable sisters. To succeed at all, knowledge of the world, large sympathies, keen common sense, and a grasp of affairs are all essential. These women are not mere talkers but doers, whose well-ordered homes are but one indication of their varied gifts. For many of them there is no recognition of their personality, in name at least, some of the best work in daily or weekly papers being unsigned or hidden behind a *nom-de-plume*. The Household column of the Philadelphia *Ledger* is the one admirable feature in a paper which has brought the art of commonplace to its highest point of development, and owes its grace and strength to a woman who unites them both, Mrs. Sarah F. Hallowell. The delightful "Home" corner of the *Christian Intelligencer*, one of the best edited departments of this nature in the country, belongs nominally to "Aunt Marjorie"—actually to Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, whose graceful work in both prose and verse is widely known. Miss Florence Finch of the Boston *Globe* is one of the most successful of the many younger workers. She has very lately given the "Master's Oration," at the Commencement of her alma mater, Kansas University; subject, "The Way of Salvation." It was a clear setting forth of the opposing forces between which there must come understanding and toleration or a collision, and her voice in her daily work is quite as clear and decisive. Where so many are doing steady and noble work, to single out one here and there is almost invidious. The list lengthens daily, and it is a perennial delight to one who watches the course of woman's new activities that it does lengthen. A quiet and unobtrusive, but most dignified and earnest work is that of Hester M. Poole in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, a paper holding some unpopular beliefs, but earning high place by its fearless honesty, and protest against all shams. The work of the Household column has done much to secure this reputation, and that of Mrs. Harbert in the *Inter-Ocean* is of much the same order and value, high in tone, progressive in spirit, and full of encouragement for every worker.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We hear 'baked milk' highly spoken of as a desirable article of food for consumptives. Can you give us the method of preparing it?"

"M. B. C., Coxton, Ill."

Here is the form, as given by Dr. Nichols, with a hint at the end for another difficulty: "Put a quart of good milk into a stone jar; cover with writing paper, tied down. Leave in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours, till it has the consistency of cream. The amount of nourishment to be derived from it is marvelous. It most closely resembles condensed milk, and does not differ much from a milk rice pudding; the rice being a nice and digestible addition. This reminds us to say to many anxious inquirers that the perfect cure for the most inveterate habit of constipation is simply to live on wheaten groats and any kind of food. We have never known a case that this diet failed to cure."

"A rule for ginger-snaps in the 'household' column of a weekly religious paper, calls for five teaspoonfuls of soda to two cups of molasses. Is this necessary?"

H. M. K., Madison, Wis."

Not only unnecessary but preposterous. But one teaspoonful, and that an even one, is all that should be used. Enormous amounts of soda and saleratus are used in both the South and West, and, indeed, in the East, by the lower classes, and too often by the higher, who might be presumed to know better.

Dyspepsia is the certain result. As little as possible should be the rule where it is used at all.

"Are grapes a specific in fever, as is stated, and what is their effect?"

G. M. P., Harlem, N. Y."

A noted French authority, Dr. Hartsen, of Cannes, is one of their best-known advocates: "The grapes contain a considerable amount of hydro-carbonaceous matter, together with a certain quantity of potassium salts, a combination which does not irritate, but, on the contrary, soothes the stomach, and consequently is used with advantage, even in dyspepsia. While considering the carbohydrates contained in the grape, we must not neglect the organic acids, particularly tartaric acid. Dr. Hartsen thinks the nourishing influences of these acids too much neglected. It is, indeed, known that they are changed to carbonic acid in the blood, and are excreted as carbonates in the urine. Possibly careful research might show that, under some circumstances, the organic acids are changed to fats. Dr. Hartsen believes that the organic acids should be ranked with the carbohydrates as foods. When fresh grapes are not to be had, raisins or diluted wine might be used."

"Can a cup of coffee be a barometer, as has been stated somewhere?"

"B. M. N., Philadelphia."

So it is said by M. Sauvageon, of Valence, who has been making observations, and who writes: "If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the center of the cup, it is an indication of duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the center."

Inquiries are often made of the Household editor as to the healthfulness of using canned fruits, meats and vegetables, and statements are often seen of their danger. The *Popular Science News*, in the number for June, gives the experiments of Professor Attfield, a distinguished English chemist, who writes as follows: "During the last fifteen years I have frequently examined canned foods, not only with respect to the food itself as food, and to the process of canning, but with regard to the relation of the food to, or the influence, if any, of the metal of the can itself. So lately as within the past two or three months, I have examined sixteen varieties of canned food for metals, with the following results:

Name of article examined.	Decimal parts of a grain of tin (or other foreign metal) present in a quarter of a pound.
Salmon, - - - - -	None.
Lobsters, - - - - -	None.
Oysters, - - - - -	0.004
Sardines, - - - - -	None.
Lobster paste, - - - - -	None.
Salmon paste, - - - - -	None.
Bloater paste, - - - - -	0.002
Potted beef, - - - - -	None.
Potted tongue, - - - - -	None.
Potted "Strasbourg," - - - - -	None.
Potted ham, - - - - -	0.002
Luncheon tongue, - - - - -	0.003
Apricots, - - - - -	0.007
Pears, - - - - -	0.003
Tomatoes, - - - - -	0.007
Peaches, - - - - -	0.004

"These proportions of metal are, I say, undeserving of serious notice. I question whether they represent more than the amounts of tin we periodically wear off tin saucepans in preparing food (a month ago I found a trace of tin in water which had been boiled in a tin kettle), or the silver we wear off our forks and spoons." Professor Attwood writes at length of the ways in which scraps or scrapings of tin may be found in tinned food, as their presence resulting from the various processes of cutting or shaping the can, and adds: "The largest amount of tin I ever detected in actual solution in food was in some canned soup containing a good deal of lemon-juice. It amounted to only three-hundredths of a grain in half a pint of the soup as sent to the table."

## MIGMA.

### Characteristic Democratic Candidates.

ONCE more the Democratic party has selected candidates entirely in harmony with its own record upon the questions involved in the war of the rebellion. Both are men of mature years. Mr. Cleveland was a well-to-do and ponderous bachelor when Rebellion reared its crest and the trumpet sounded the call to arms. Mr. Cleveland did not respond to that call with much alacrity, but it is asserted on the part of his friends that he was quite willing that others should do so. When we reflect upon the flame of patriotic ardor that swept through the land at that time—how the farmer left his plow in midfurrow, the mechanic threw aside his tools; how the rich and the poor crowded and jostled with each other in their intense desire to serve the imperiled land—when we remember all those scenes, we cannot but admire the modesty and self-control of the young bachelor who kindly stood aside and allowed husbands and fathers, the venerated and loved heads of families, to take the places he must have longed to occupy. He knew that these men had wives and daughters whose hearts would be made glad by the fact that they had rendered service to the country in its hour of peril. As for him, he stood alone. No one would note his departure with tears, nor watched for his home-coming with gladness. Though he himself abjured the marriage state he was not unmindful of the deference that should be shown to those who had entered it. He was not inclined to stand in the way of their performance of a patriotic duty nor to deprive their families of any of the pleasures to be derived therefrom. He was a patriot so modest and quiet that even the enemy could have found no fault with him. At the same time he was prudent even above the prudence of the Sage of Greystone. If he did nothing to offend the enemy, so, too, he *said* nothing to give him aid or comfort. He was simply a sleek and cautious young bachelor who did not mind whether the country went to the devil or not, so long as he was undisturbed in the delights of his bachelorhood. He was too apathetic to be upon the right side, and too sympathetic to be upon the wrong side. So when the struggle was over, he was one of the few men, on either side the line of fracture, who had done or said nothing that would require forgiveness from either party to the controversy. Now, he reaps the reward of modesty and prudence. He is accounted "available" above all others because no man can claim that he ever said anything against the North or *did* anything against the South. It was this fact which made him especially acceptable to a convention which numbered among its delegates more Confederate than Federal soldiers.

While the head of the ticket represents negatively the position of the Democratic party on the issues of the war, its "toe," which was aforesaid the "tail" of the Tilden ticket, gives expression to its more active and acute stage of hostility to the course pursued by the government in suppressing rebellion. While he is not known to have actively aided the Confederate cause, it is a matter of history that he opposed and impeded all measures intended for its overthrow. He was the trusted friend and advocate of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and is unquestionably one of those who would have been regarded with peculiar favor and con-

fidence had the South been victorious and the North succumbed to the power of her arms. He represents in a peculiar manner the Bourbonism of the party, and was nominated especially to conciliate and enthuse the Old Guard, who have fought it out so long and patiently upon the line of undying hostility to all that has been done by our government since the guns of Moultrie opened on ill-fated Sumter.

It must be gall and wormwood to Mr. Tilden to see the tail of the old ticket, despite both the gangrene in his toes and the contempt which his former chief has always manifested for him put on as ballast for the ticket, serving at once to relieve the newness of Mr. Stephen G. Cleveland's laurels and revive the memories of that great fraud on which Mr. Tilden had hoped to pillow his head alone. Perhaps he may regard a separate plank in the platform as a full equivalent; but if the ticket should be elected it would be peculiarly annoying to see Mr. Hendricks enjoying all the vindication while the "whisperer" stood mumbling at the entrance to "Cipher Alley" with the fatal dispatches about his neck.

In its anxiety to pay court to the Independents of New York, the Democratic party nominated Mr. Cleveland, an unknown accident whom not a few of his own party refuse to recognize as a fit candidate for the position. To restore the equilibrium they hung about his neck the infamous false pretence of 1876, the poorest and weakest end of a ticket, the professed strength of which lay in the free use of money, a subsidized press, and a corrupted ballot. Taken as a whole, the ticket is an attempt to secure the support of a new and living idea without dropping the corpse of the dead past, redolent with the stench of treason, violence and fraud.

### Oblivion for the Democratic Record.

"IN God's name!" cried a Kentucky delegate in frantic appeal to the Democratic Convention, "if the statute of limitations is ever to act as a bar to the conduct of men born south of the Ohio river, is it not time that it began to take effect?" The sentiment evoked a round of tumultuous applause—one of the most universal and prolonged that characterized the sittings of the Convention. At the first blush there seems to be something pathetic in the appeal. It seems almost cruel that men should be affected unfavorably, even in imagination, by the sins committed a quarter of a century ago. We boast that we have forgotten and forgiven. The Democratic party, which was the sympathetic ally of rebellion in particular, professes never to have considered treason a disqualifying fault in the life of any man. While it declared the war a failure and demanded peace at any price in 1864, congratulated the country in 1868 upon the happy outcome of the struggle, and has since quadrennially, until the present, felicitated the land upon the fact that all questions arising out of the conflict had been settled, yet even a Democratic Convention listened quietly to the objection to Mr. Bayard, and tacitly admitted its force, that he had made a small—a very small—secession speech in 1861, and perhaps had some notion for a while of acting as a member of a military company which might have been used against

the government, if the matter had not become too serious, before the Delaware contingent was ready to move. It was this fact, and other references to the naughtiness of twenty years ago, which called forth the appeal to Time, not as an avenger, but as an obliterator. So far as the people of the North are concerned, there would seem to be no need for the Kentucky orator to plead for oblivion on behalf of his ex-Confederate brethren. It is not yet twenty years since the close of a great civil war, and already for a number of years all disqualification because of participation in it has been practically at an end.

Almost every Representative from the Southern States boastfully admits a part taken in rebellion. So far as any desire to remember revengefully or unkindly any participation in that struggle is concerned, it certainly cannot be charged with truth against the people of the North. Their pity has gone so far, as in many instances, as to induce them to favor and welcome with cordial good-will men whom they had no reason whatever to respect or esteem, except from the fact that they were brave and capable enemies.

This kindness and toleration has, in many instances, been misinterpreted on both sides. Very many have supposed that this spirit of reconciliation between the Blue and the Gray meant not only a denial of all personal animosity on the part of the people, but also a willingness to cover into oblivion all the acts and doings of that day. The distinction is one it would be well not to lose sight of. Treason is not one of those things of which it may be said

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

The actor may be forgiven, on the ground that he was honest in intent, and did what he believed to be his duty. At the same time, it was his misfortune to believe it to be his duty to do an act which would have destroyed the government. Rebellion for the redress of grievances, in some few cases in the world's history, has been so entirely forgiven as to redound hardly at all to the direlect of those engaged in it; but a rebellion intended to dismember and disrupt a government never can be other than blameworthy, unless it be successful. Matters proper for excuse and palliation—the pity for subjugated valor that prevailed throughout the country a score of years ago—are fast passing into oblivion. The generations that are to follow will not draw any such fine distinctions. To the younger classes of our people the war means only a useless strife, which the South inaugurated, and for which it was responsible. The farther we go from the Rebellion the less it will be excused, and the more it will be reprobated.

As time passes, the personality of the actors in the great drama will grow more and more indistinct. The heroes of the Confederate cause will be pitied as unfortunate, misguided men, but they can never take their places as worthy national celebrities, because the success of the cause for which they fought meant the ruin and disruption of the nation. The name of Arnold is held in far greater detestation now than it was a hundred years ago. Families have outgrown the Toryism of their sires, but the name of Tory has lost none of its unpleasant significance. So, too, our Confederate friends have passed the climax of condonement. There was a time when a Federal and a Confederate general passing arm in arm down the aisle at a great Democratic gathering gave rise to a spontaneous ovation. Now it requires some specific appeal like that of the Kentucky orator to produce such a result. This is no

reflection on the motions of the participants, but is the natural result of being on what the nation and history must always regard as the wrong side of a great conflict which involved not only the lives of a million soldiers, but the continued existence of a great people. Time never bars the fact of wrong, but only graciously condones the fault, by conceding or overlooking the motive and pardoning the individual.

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THE Independents found as the Liberals did in 1872, that it was easier to bulldoze a Democratic than a Republican convention. They forced the Democrats then to nominate Greeley just as they have now forced them to nominate Cleveland, on the plea that he could carry New York by the aid of the Republican votes which they could deliver. The sale was made, but not delivered.

#### A New Theology.

THERE are few recent utterances from the pulpit that have commanded or deserved more widespread attention, especially among laymen, than a sermon by the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Cleveland, republished by Samuel Long, of Philadelphia. Mr. Moxom has an established reputation for courage, which was never more fully exemplified than in the delivery of this clear and sensible analysis of the subject of a progressive Christianity. Never in his whole career as a soldier did this young Saul, who towers among his brethren like him of old among the prophets—never did he have more need of manhood than when he uttered such startling words as those which follow:

"Construing theology as the scientific formulation of our knowledge of God in his relations to men, we must have new theologies as the years and centuries pass; for the Scriptures clearly intimate that there is for man in time an increasing knowledge of God. The Scriptures do not intimate that there will be fresh, formal revelations, for example a giving of new Bibles or of appendices thereto. But they do declare and promise a continual unfolding of spiritual truth through the mediation of the Spirit. What did Christ mean when he said, 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all the truth?' It is a very narrow construction of these words, indeed, that limits their force to the earthly life of the apostles. It is a manifest contradiction of the whole divine method of revelation to assume that communication of truth to the human soul ceased with the apostolic age. It was not meant that after the coming of Christ the world should live with its face turned perpetually toward the past. Surely the race of seers did not perish with the death of him who saw wondrous things in vision on the lonely isle of Patmos. Theologians have often unconsciously fallen into a Deistic conception of God, and have written as after the close of the canon the divine illuminating Spirit were withdrawn from the minds of men. It would be neither extravagant nor unprovable to say that some Christian souls of these later centuries have caught glimpses of spiritual truth that were not given even to a John or a Paul. Revelation never contradicts itself, so that the development of spiritual perception does not invalidate the real teachings of the Scripture. But what seems to us contradiction may be, after all, often the result of deeper insight. Be sure, the heaven-scaling thoughts of many a mythical soul in the centuries that lie between us and the apostolic age, are not all vagaries,



nor are the deep meditations of devout and patient scholars, as they brood in strenuous solitude over the Word of God and the ways of his Providence, to be cribbed and fettered as by iron decree, by the expositions of an Augustine, or a Calvin, or an Edwards. Great as these thinkers, and many others, were, they did not exhaust the possibilities of theological development. There are depths of truth which they did not sound. There are undiscovered continents of 'wisdom and knowledge of God' toward which some spiritual Columbus will yet steer his bark under the guiding influence of the Spirit, and these continents will broaden the world of the theologians as the discovery of America broadened the world of the geographers.

"There is an instinctive conservatism in the human mind which resists progress because progress necessitates change, and which makes accepted dogmas the final limit of knowledge. But the Spirit knows nothing of the petty walls which we seek to build about the domain of truth, and he still leads the devout and ingenious mind into the ever-opening fields of the divine thought."

We congratulate the world and we condole with Mr. Moxom. It is good for others, but bad for him that he should put his sturdy shoulder to the wheel of religious thought and seek to revolve it even a spoke's width. For him it means conflict with established, fixed ideas, a timid faith and a cast-iron method of interpretation. He may not find hatred and envy arrayed against him, but he is sure sooner or later to encounter suspicion, coldness and neglect from those whom he has only wished to serve and bless by his ministrations; his church may not prosecute or persecute him for heresy, but it will be pretty sure to regard him with suspicious doubt, which eventually chills and paralyzes, if it does not kill.

The sermon was first brought to our attention by finding it in the hands of a group of thoughtful, earnest men of superior attainments and character to whom the narrower methods of orthodox interpretation had become irksome, though they had no desire to cast aside the essentials of Christian belief. Indeed it seemed as if they clung to them all the stronger when they detected in themselves an inclination to diverge from the ordinary views set forth in the words which are regarded as exponents of orthodox belief. It was with them not at all an inclination to reject the tenets of Christianity, but a rebellion against the tyranny of the ancients in pre-determining for us what those tenets are. This utterance of Mr. Moxom was a grateful recognition of the sentiment they had felt rather than uttered. It seemed to them to be opening a way by which they might come again into hearty and cordial relations with the visible church—might feel that they could engage in her work, uphold her banners of righteousness, and yet not feel as if they were guilty of any false pretence or suppression of the truth in doing so. Mr. Moxom may well be proud of having brought spiritual comfort and consolation to such men as compose the group to which we have referred. The step he has taken is one that will vastly strengthen the church and extend its influences and restraints. It is a very sad fact that they are representative men. Many thousands of the most intelligent and thoroughly trained minds among our laymen are turned in this direction. Having taken this step, another follows as a consequence, and demands a like careful and manly exposition—to wit, the inability of the men of those times to understand the revelation made to them or to so utter it as to meet the broader thought of to-day. The written revelation is the seed of truth, but the Christianity of to-day is a tree under whose spreading branches all mankind may rest.



ELOQUENCE is not one of the things which we like to study with a microscope. The unpardonably fine print in which appear the extracts from Mr. Bright's speeches in the "Life" which has just been published, would alone condemn the book. In point of fact, the "Life" is a disappointment in more respects than this; with the exception of the fine portrait and a few of the earlier chapters in which we learn something of Mr. Bright's admirable old father with his perfect integrity, unfailing charity and delightful humor, there is very little in the volume, bulky as it is, that a general reader can find enjoyable. As a book of reference, to give the date, or the majorities, or the other speakers, of any single occasion, it may be serviceable; for it would seem as if every meeting that Mr. Bright has ever attended, and every dinner that he has ever eaten in public, had been chronicled with unfailing exactness, even to the hour of the day and the number of silk flags that graced the occasion. But there is no vivid presentation of any single scene or argument, no strong grasp of situations and their sequences such as makes many a biography a perfect reflection of the times as well as of the man. The book, in other words, is a mass of statistics from which it is difficult to rescue the salient points. The reader who should trust to obtaining from it his first impressions of John Bright would probably lay it down, however conscientiously he had perused it, with little knowledge beyond the fact that Mr. Bright is a Friend of the Workingman, who has attended an immense number of meetings, and usually spoken at them in horribly fine print. It is a pity, because John Bright is a man in whom Americans are especially interested, not only because he is the workingman's friend, but because he was America's friend in her time of need, with the courage, when it required courage, to remind England that she, who had seen fit to change her heptarchy to one united government and to free her slaves, was hardly the one to advocate in another nation the separation of states and the perpetual bondage of millions of fellow-creatures. The author's style, when he frees himself sufficiently from his tangle of dates and figures to have a style, exhibits an unfortunate tendency to the quotation of quite unnecessary poetry, and to the noting of such unimportant coincidences as that the swallows had just winged their way northward or southward when Mr. Bright went to London or came from Manchester, or that a certain sad event took place in chill November, when sere leaves were falling before their time, or else upon a day when the sun bathed the earth with joyous splendor, and

"The solitary primrose on the bank  
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn."

Effective biography must follow a golden mean between statistics and poetry, it being always remembered that a golden mean between two things never means a mixture of both.

ONE of the most enjoyable of the many enjoyable serials given in *Littell's Living Age*, is "The Baby's Grandmother," by Mrs. Walford, the author of "Troublesome Daughters," which will soon be issued in the "Leisure Hour Series" of Henry Holt & Co.

(1) LIFE AND TIMES OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT. By William Robertson. (8vo, pp. 580, \$3.00; Cassell & Co., Limited, New York).

MISS MATHILDE BLIND, the writer of "George Eliot," in the "Famous Woman Series," has written a novel entitled "Tarantella," relating in part to the Italian superstition in regard to the bite of the tarantula. It will be published in London.

"OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN," is naturally at its best in the months devoted to amusement, and the number for August is one of the brightest of its breezy issues, one of the most satisfactory articles being "The Shay-backs in Camp," by Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, of *The Christian Register*.

MORE "Impressions" are to be given, this time from Mr. F. Yano, the editor of the chief organ of the Liberal party in Japan, which has now some two thousand periodical publications. Mr. Yano has been spending some months in Europe studying manners and methods, all of which are to be commented upon in a book.

MONSIEUR RENAN is making a collection of passages from his writings, intended to form a book of religious readings, and writes: "My highest ambition would be satisfied if I could hope upon my death to enter the Church under the form of a little 18mo volume, bound in black morocco, and held between the long, tapering fingers of a finely-gloved hand."

"THE COUNTRY SIDE," born in 1879, which has come to be known as a singularly fearless and honest exponent of its owner's very sensible opinions, has been consolidated with "Indoors and Outdoors." Mr. Coleman E. Bishop, the founder of *The Country Side* adds his corps of contributors to those of Mr. Wingate, and if succeeding numbers are as admirable as the first result of this combination, prosperity is assured.

AMONG the most charming of the lesser novels offered for summer reading, must be numbered another of Clara Bell's translations from the German of Adolf Wilbrandt, "Fridolin's Mystical Marriage,"—humorous, as German novels seldom are, and full of very excellent character drawing. The picture of Fridolin, and his body-guard of young artists, his home life and his theories, is a delightful bit of work, and the little volume holds both entertainment and suggestion. (18mo, pp. 241, 90 cents; Wm. S. Gottsberger, New York.)

It is difficult to see how minute details of long-protracted intense suffering for a beautiful child can bring consolation to mothers who have watched their own little ones through a like experience, yet the story of Mrs. Prentiss's loss in "How Sorrow was Changed Into Sympathy; Words of Cheer for Mothers Bereft of Little Children," may fulfill this purpose. There is strong religious faith, but at best it is a painful little book, all the more depressing from the pathos of the little story, in which the "Words of Cheer" are too few for any sense of comfort. (16mo, pp. 187, \$1.00; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

DRAWN out to an unpardonable degree, even for the most thorough admirers of Sarah Tytler's always delicate and characteristic work, is "Lady Bell; A Story of the Last Century," reprinted by Henry A. Sumner & Co., of Chicago. But for those who are content if the novel only be long enough, there will be great satisfaction in the minute details of eighteenth century life and manners, and the real charm of much of the description, beginning with a Queen's Drawing Room and the *début* of Lady Bell at fourteen, and ending with her second marriage to her first and only love. For further particulars of all that lay between, see within. (12mo, pp. 442, \$1.25)

"THE MISTRESS OF IBICHSTEIN," another translation from the German of Franz Henkel, just added to the "Leisure Hour Series," is too exaggerated and melodramatic in tone to deserve the place it has been given.

Life in the petty German court is well rendered, and that also of the reduced, but always proud and assertive, Van Lossens, of whom Esther, the heroine, is the one destined to retrieve their fortunes. There is a mysterious artist, a more mysterious recluse, whose wealth is fabulous, and who eventually proves to be the artist's mother, he in turn severing complications by marrying Esther, who has forfeited her unexpected inheritance for his sake. But the story lacks the grace and gentleness of Fridolin, though its moral is all the most exacting could desire. (16mo, pp. 333, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co.)

AN amusing half hour is certain for whoever takes up "A Fair Device," by Charles Wolcott Balestier, whose recent novelette, "A Potent Philter," published in the Sunday morning edition of the New York *Tribune*, attracted wide attention. The plot cannot be outlined here. It is sufficient to say that the young man and woman, who know one another solely through correspondence, go through all the involvements and perplexities attendant upon a meeting where one is kept in ignorance of the other's real personality, till finally divulged, resented, and in the end pardoned. The story moves swiftly through these various phases, filled with bright talk and delicate touches of description, and is one of the best of the shorter novels of the season. (Paper, pp. 173, 20 cents. American Novel Series. John W. Lovell Company, New York.)

THE author as a rule is dumb before his critic, but one of them has broken silence. Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the author of "The Entailed Hat," writes to the *Literary World* in astonished gratitude for a favorable review: "Let me thank you for not having hit me with a club for the crime of writing an American romance. Reviews I am more familiar with always receive a new native author as Captain Cook was received by the Sandwich Islanders. In this way as steady discouragement has been done our home creative literature as if some foreign government had paid the subsidy bills. Especially has this ill-bread contempt been bestowed upon newspaper writers venturing to pass into Bluebeard's chamber, as if there was so much priggishness in learning that it could not tolerate one, wide in the actual experiences of his times. The press should be literature's best recruiting station, and the press itself would feel the refinement of such contact."

Two exquisitely simple and delightful anonymous sketches, "Miss Toosey's Mission" and "Laddie," have been bound together in a little volume, hardly larger than the "Little Pilgrim," and with something of the same charm of diction as that most dainty and delicate of all Mrs. Oliphant's productions. Miss Toosey is only a simple-minded little old maid, two or three pages in whose life are given with the fidelity of a Dutch picture. Her faith and gentleness and abnegation, the pathetic absurdities of her plans in her sudden desire to give herself to foreign missionary work, and the results of the patient and unconsciously heroic life on another life are told with a tenderness and sympathy through which the keenest humor runs like a golden thread. "Laddie" has less of this latter quality, but an even deeper pathos, and nothing fresher or purer has been given to the reading public for many a day. (16mo, pp. 153, 75 cents; Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

"HEALTH BY EXERCISE," by Dr. George H. Taylor, has been for many years familiar to that portion of the public interested in hygienic questions. Its first appearance was as "An Exposition of the Swedish Movement Cure," and in its present form it includes also a portion of the author's work on Massage. This is of special value at a time when this treatment is more and more favored by physicians, who are coming to recognize the fact that natural methods of cure secure the desired end

with more speed and certainty than the old system of drugging. The "mind cure," in some of its aspects deserves the ridicule it has received, but practitioner and patient are both "beginning to see and understand that by this close union and co-operation of the material and immaterial natures, remedial agents may possibly find access to either or both, through avenues that otherwise could have no existence." (12mo, pp. 454, \$1.00; John B. Alden & Co.)

A CORRESPONDENT of *Notes and Queries* writes: "Modern fiction has contributed but few common nouns, adjectives, or verbs to the English language, and it is curious to note the sources whence these come. Thus, 'Gulliver's Travels' furnishes three words, 'brobdingnagian,' 'lilliputian,' and 'yahoo'; but from the whole of Shakespeare we get only one, 'benedict'; while from Scott I can recall no example. Other instances from English literature are 'braggadocio,' 'euphuistic,' 'lothario,' 'utopian.' Cervantes gives us 'dulcinea,' and 'rozinante,' as well as 'quixotic'; and to the list may be added 'chauvinism,' 'knickerbockers,' and 'rodomontade.' It might be considerably extended by examples from Greek and Latin writers. Has an exhaustive list ever been attempted of the English words derived from the proper names of real life? I believe I could give upward of three hundred, from 'mausoleum' and 'laconic' to 'boycott' and 'magenta.'" The editor points out that Scott contributed to the language at least one word—"Dryasdust."

HARDLY a name in the Episcopal denomination had higher honors during life or tenderer memory in death than that of Dr. Muhlenberg, and the cheaper edition of the admirable life written by his co-worker and friend, Anne Ayres, will be welcomed by thousands. That for neither is there much more than mention of correspondence or journals is owing to the strenuous prohibition of Dr. Muhlenberg himself, whose sensitive shrinking from any form of self-assertion was one of his strongest characteristics. But even with the very limited portion of these almost essential features of a real biography, the life itself is so noble a one, the nature so rich and sweet, that the story of its least feature will be always a welcome one. St. Luke's Hospital for New York—St. John'sland—in the country he loved, are his monuments, and the church of his choice has no lameness of love and remembrance for generations to come. The present neat edition has two portraits and all the matter of the more expensive one. (12mo, pp. 524, \$1.50; A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

"A PALACE-PRISON" gives the experience of a young girl sent thirty years ago to an insane asylum, where it was hoped the medical care and judicious management would cure her of temporary brain trouble brought on by over-study and injudicious treatment at home. The result, however, was complete insanity, owing to the barbarous treatment, less from the officials than from the many subordinates necessary in so large an institution, successfully concealed even from the relatives who called at the asylum and insisted upon seeing the young girl. It is stated that the incidents are true, and even if they were not, no one would dare to pronounce such things impossible in institutions with the most complete authority, vested in them almost beyond power of question, where the verdict that it would be "unwise" must often defeat even those who try to see their friends. It is undoubtedly true that the treatment of the insane is far more merciful than it used to be, but it should never be forgotten that imprisonment for crime offers no such opportunity for brutality beyond belief as does the imprisonment for a disease which makes the complaints of the victims appear to be unreliable. (Cloth, 16mo, \$1.00; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.)

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Vol. IV. Boards, pp. 181, 50 cts. Charles Scribner's Sons.

TINKLING CYMBALS. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett. 12mo, pp. 332, \$1.50. James R. Osgood & Co.

ELIZABETH FRY. By Mrs. E. R. Pittman. Famous Women Series. 16mo, pp. 269, \$1.00; Roberts Brothers.

MANNERS AND SOCIAL USAGES. By Mrs. John Sherwood. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 325, \$1.25; Harper & Brothers.

TIMES OF ALCHEMY. By Z. Topelius. The Surgeon's Stories. 16mo, pp. 331, \$1.25; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

JUANITA AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Jennie L. Hopkins. Paper, pp. 275, 50 cents; Talinger Press, Denver, Col.

THE LABOR-VALUE FALLACY. By M. L. Scudder, Jr. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 92, 50 cents; Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

TRAVELS IN FAITH. From Tradition to Reason. By Robert C. Adams. 12mo, pp. 238, \$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CRIME OF HENRY VANE. A Study With a Moral. By J. S., of Dale. 16mo, pp. 208, \$1.25; Charles Scribner's Sons.

MINGO, and Other Sketches in Black and White. By Joel Chandler Harris. 16mo, pp. 273, \$1.25; James R. Osgood & Co.

MISS LUDINGTON'S SISTER. A Romance of Immortality. By Edward Bellamy. 16mo, pp. 260, \$1.00; James R. Osgood & Co.

G. T. T. GONE TO TEXAS. Letters from Our Boys. Edited by Thomas Hughes. 16mo, pp. 228, \$1.50; Macmillan & Co.

THE DISCOVERIES OF AMERICA TO THE YEAR 1525. By Arthur James Welles. 8vo, pp. 380, \$4.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A FAIR DEVICE. By Charles Wolcott Balestier. American Novel Series. Paper, pp. 173, 20 cents; John W. Lovell Company.

TALES, ESSAYS AND POEMS. By Jane and Ann Taylor. With a Memoir by Grace A. Oliver. 16mo, pp. 330; Roberts Brothers.

JACKANAPES. By Juliana Horatio Ewing. With Illustrations. By Randolph Caldecott. Paper, pp. 60, 30 cents; Roberts Brothers.

CHINESE GORDON. A Succinct Record of His Life. By Archibald Forbes. Standard Library, cloth, 12mo, pp. 171, 75 cents; Funk & Wagnalls.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF MARTIN LUTHER. Compiled and edited by Rev. P. C. Croll, A.M. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 317, \$1.25. C. W. Frederick, Philadelphia.

THE MISTRESS OF IBICSTEIN. A Novel. By Fr. Henkel. Translated from the German. By S. E. Boggs. Leisure Hour Series 157. Cloth 16mo, pp. 333, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co.

FRIDOLIN'S MYSTICAL MARRIAGE. A Study of an Original Founded on Reminiscences of a Friend. By Adolph Wilbrandt. From the German by Clara Bell. 18mo, pp. 241, 90 cents; William S. Gottaberger.

A CONCISE POETICAL CONCORDANCE. To the Principal Poets of the World, Embracing Titles, First Lines, Characters, Subjects and Quotations. Compiled by Charles A. Durfee. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 659, \$2.00; John B. Alden & Co.

THE HOLLANDER IN NOVA ZEMBLA—1596-1597. An Arctic Poem. Translated from the Dutch of Hendrik Tollens. By Daniel Van Pelt, A.M. With a Preface and an Historical Introduction. By Samuel Richard Van Campen. 16mo, pp. 121, \$1.25; G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PICTURESQUE WASHINGTON. Pen-and-Pencil Sketches of Its Scenery, History, Traditions, Public and Social Life, etc. Together with Artistic Views of Mount Vernon, a Map of the City of Washington and Diagrams of the Halls of Congress. By Joseph West Moore. 4to, cloth, pp. 308, \$3.00. J. A. & E. A. Reid, Providence.

HEALTH MANUALS. Edited by W. W. Keen, M.D. First Series, WINTER AND ITS DANGERS, Hamilton Osgood, M.D. SUMMER AND ITS DISEASES, James C. Wilson, M.D. SEA AIR AND SEA BATHING, John H. Packard, M.D. With Illustrations. Cloth, square, 16mo, pp. 157, 160, 121, \$1.25; P. Blakiston & Son, Philadelphia.

THE FRIEND OF ALL, a Cyclopaedia of Practical Information for the Housekeeper, the Gardener, the Farmer, the Artisan, the Business Man, and the Young Folks. Embellished with Ten Hundred Illustrations and Twenty-Seven Full-Page Colored Maps of the Countries of the World. Edited by Charles M. Green. Cloth, royal 8vo, pp. 1039, \$7.50. S. W. Green's Son, New York.

COTTAGES; or, Hints for Economical Building, containing twenty-four Plates of Medium and Low-cost House, Contributed by different New York Architects, together with a descriptive Letterpress, giving Practical Suggestions for Cottage Building. Compiled and edited by A. W. Brunner, architect, to which is added a chapter on the Water Supply, Drainage, Sewerage, etc., by Wm. Paul Gerhard, C. E. Cloth, 8vo, \$1.00; Wm. T. Comstock, New York.

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN COOKERY BOOK; or, How to Live Well and Wisely Every Day in the Year. By Felix J. Delisé, Caterer of the New York Club. A New Treatise, containing 365 Different Bills of Fare, Giving Concise Instructions How to Properly Prepare and Serve all Kinds of Domestic and Foreign Culinary Provisions in Every Way for Each Succeeding Season, and Mostly Convenient for Private Families, Clubs, Restaurants, Hotels, etc. 8vo, pp. 619, \$4.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.



## REFERENCE CALENDAR.

THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE. NOT A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.

**June 18.**—The New York State Democratic Convention nominated Governor Cleveland as its candidate for the Presidency, selected its delegates to the National Convention, and named its Presidential electors. —Matthew Simpson, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the most noted orator of the denomination, died, aged 73 years. —The fiftieth birthday of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon was celebrated in London, Mr. Moody, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and many other distinguished personages participating in the ceremonies.

**June 20.**—The Prince of Orange, heir apparent to the throne of Holland, died, aged 33 years. Princess Wilhelmina has been proclaimed successor to the crown, with the Queen as Regent and the President of the Council as chancellor.

**June 21.**—Commodore Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. N., was confirmed by the Senate as rear-admiral, and Captain Ralph Chandler as commodore. —C. K. Garrison, reputed to be worth twenty millions, made an assignment, but his creditors are amply secured, the assignment being made merely for prudential reasons.

**June 23.**—In alleged violation of the recent treaty, the Chinese attacked French forces on the march, but were routed, although greatly superior in numbers. France will claim a heavy indemnity.

**June 25.**—President Potter, of Union College, resigned. He has accepted the presidency of Hobart College. —Col. Gray was nominated by the Democrats for the governorship of Ohio and a resolution was adopted favoring Mr. Tilden for the Presidency. —Several cases of Asiatic cholera have occurred at Toulon and Marseilles, France, and vigorous precautionary measures are taken everywhere to prevent the spread of the disease.

**June 26.**—B. F. Jones, of Pennsylvania, was elected chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Samuel Fessenden, of Connecticut, was chosen secretary. —In the Yale-Harvard eight-oar boat race at New London, Yale won in twenty minutes thirty-one seconds, the fastest time on record for a straight-away four-mile race. Harvard was but a few seconds behind.

**June 28.**—Yale won the base-ball college championship, defeating Harvard by a score of 4 to 2.

**June 29.**—The Egyptian Conference met in London. The Turkish ambassador being present.

**June 30.**—During the month the public debt of the United States was diminished \$9,217,256. The total decrease for the fiscal year ending this day was \$104,040,971.

**July 2.**—The Dingley Shipping Bill went into effect, having been signed by the President on the 28th ultimo. This law corrects some of the oppressive taxation on foreign entries, and will abolish tax on vessels in trade with Canada as soon as reciprocity is definitely established. —The Senate killed trade-dollar legislation by referring to the Committee on Finances Mr. Cameron's motion to redeem \$10,000,000 of these dollars at their face value. —In Illinois the Democrats nominated Carter Harrison for Governor.

**July 4.**—The House bill placing farther restrictions on Chinese immigration was passed by the Senate with only four negative votes. —The principal events of the day in its anniversary aspects were the usual number of accidents and fires, the formal presentation in Paris of the Bartholdi Statue to the United States by the French Government, and its acceptance by Minister Morton; a banquet and ball by the American colony in Berlin; the unveiling of a soldier's monument in Buffalo, and of a bronze copy of Houdon's Washington in this city. The New York Society of the Cincinnati held their annual reunion.

**July 5.**—The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill passed its first reading in the British House of Lords.

**July 6.**—A dispatch of this date to the London Times says that El Mahdi's forces were defeated at Debbeh with a loss of 2,000 killed. —The cholera panic continues at Toulon and Marseilles and even in Paris, but the disease does not yet spread beyond the cities that were first attacked.

**July 8.**—Both houses of Congress adjourned at 3 P. M., none of the really important business which should have come before it having been attended to—for instance, national education, international copyright, counting the vote for President, a bankrupt law, a reduced tariff, stopping the silver dollar coinage, Congressional power regarding the currency, etc., etc. —Two million dollars are appropriated for continuing work on the new cruisers. —The River and Harbor Bill appropriates \$13,909,200. The schedules of Grant, Ward & Co. were officially filed in court as follows: liabilities, \$16,792,647.72; nominal assets, \$27,139,098.56; actual assets; \$67,174.30. No accounts of any trustworthiness appear to have been kept. —The intercollegiate boat-race was won at Saratoga by the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell nearly making a tie at the finish. —The death is announced of the Russian military engineer Gen. Todleben. He planned the defenses of Sebastopol in the Crimean war, and as late as 1877 directed the operations against Osman Pasha at Plevna. He published an important work on the defense of Sebastopol. —The Democratic National Convention met in Chicago at noon, and was called to order by the chairman, ex-Senator Barnum. Prayer was offered by the Rev. D. C. Marquis, after which Richard D. Hubbard of Texas was elected temporary chairman. A motion prohibiting State delegations from changing their votes during roll-call was passed in the course of the debate on this resolution Tammany Hall received its first rebuff. —The President vetoed the Fitz John Porter Bill, stating his reasons at considerable length. The House passed the bill over the veto by a vote of 163 to 78, but the Senate cast a tie vote, 27 to 27.

**July 9.**—W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, was made president of the Chicago Convention, after which the presentation of candidates was begun. Messrs. Bayard, McDonald, Cleveland, Hoadley, Randall, Thurman, Hendricks, Flower, Tilden, and Carlisle were placed in nomination. Whilst this was going on, many interruptions took place, with somewhat excited denunciations of various candidates. The platform, a long document, was presented in the evening, after which General Butler was given thirty minutes for the presentation of a "minority platform." This was the last of Butler. —Philip Hamilton, youngest son of Alexander Hamilton, died at Poughkeepsie, aged 82 years. He has, for the most part, lived a retired life.

**July 10.**—Paul Morphy, once the greatest chess player in the world, died in New Orleans, aged 47 years.

**July 11.**—Shortly before one o'clock, A. M., the first ballot was taken at Chicago; result as follows:

Cleveland.....	392	Carlisle.....	27
Bayard.....	170	Flower.....	4
Thurman.....	88	Hoadley.....	3
Randall.....	78	Tilden.....	1
McDonald.....	56	Hendricks.....	1

The Convention met at 10 A. M., and, Mr. Randall's name having been withdrawn, the balloting proceeded quietly, with small gains for Cleveland. The result of the second ballot was:

Cleveland.....	475	Randall.....	5
Bayard.....	150½	Tilden.....	2
Hendricks.....	124½	McDonald.....	2
Thurman.....	60		

On the third ballot rapid changes began, the first being 22 votes for Cleveland from North Carolina, after which, Florida, West Virginia, Maryland, and Missouri followed suit. The balloting was continued, although the result was assured, and the final count gave Cleveland 683 votes, 547 being necessary for a choice. This was, of course, made unanimous, and it only remained to complete the ticket, by the nomination of Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, for Vice-President.

**July 12.**—The prominent New York dry goods house of Halsted, Haines & Co. made an assignment, with liabilities of about \$1,000,000. Shrinkage in business is the alleged cause. —The Canadian courts decided that John C. Eno cannot be held for extradition.

**July 13.**—Professor A. S. Packard, of Bowdoin College, died, aged 85 years. He was the author of a number of educational works.

**July 15.**—Mrs. A. L. Phelps, formerly Miss Willard, of Troy, N. Y., died in Baltimore, on her 91st birthday. She was widely known as a teacher and author.

**July 17.**—The Greely Relief Expedition reached St. John, with the survivors, seven in number, including Lieutenant Greely.

